

THE  
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The British public have by this time become fully informed by newspaper and Parliamentary reports of the almost unexampled extent of the destitution and misery which have been occasioned by the late frightful massacres of the Christians in Syria and the Holy Land, and which plead most impressively for immediate and effectual succour.

It is needless to dwell on the fearfulness of the tragedy. The carnage of Lucknow and Oude was not equal to that of Lebanon and Damascus. The male Christian population in some places is not decimated but exterminated. The Christian quarter of Damascus is not plundered—it is razed. The merchant princes are begging their bread. The widows, orphans, and helpless, homeless wanderers are reckoned by thousands. Compared to these scenes the chivalrous wars of Europe were very merciful.

It rests with the Governments of Europe to punish the guilty, to devise measures for restoring permanent tranquillity to those regions endeared by so many sacred associations, and to prevent religious persecution in the land of the patriarchs and prophets, and the birthplace of Christianity.

But upon the humane people of this and other countries rests another duty—a duty which is at the same time a privilege. We have to clothe the naked, to feed the starving, to heal the wounded, to shelter the homeless. Her Majesty the Queen, her Royal Consort and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, have set a noble example by making liberal contributions to the Syrian Fund. The great houses of this City, the merchants, traders, and bankers of London, have taken the lead by donations proportioned to the emergency, varying from £300 to £100 and less. Her Majesty's Ministers and the leading statesmen of all parties are contributors, and several are members of the Committee. It is earnestly and confidently hoped that all classes in the United Kingdom will respond to the appeal which the Committee of the Syrian Relief Fund now addresses to them for help proportioned to the vastness of this emergency. We earnestly call upon the mayors and provosts of all provincial cities and towns to initiate efforts to call forth the beneficence of their fellow-townsmen. Above all, we trust that the ministers of religion of every denomination, the Anglican clergy, the Roman Catholic priesthood, the ministers of the Hebrew community, and of every persuasion of Dissenters, will heartily co-operate in this great work of philanthropy by private and congregational collections, and thus afford to the jarring and mutually exasperated sects of the East, and to the world at large, the most convincing evidence of the humanising and harmonising influence of the religion of the Bible.

Sets of provisions, clothing, medicine, tents, &c., will be sent out free of expense if addressed to the British Syrian Relief Committee, at the Victoria Dock Warehouse, Steel-yard, Upper Thames-street, E.C.

sons sending goods are requested to inform (by letter) the Secretary, Mr. Cyrus Edmonds, No. 12, York-buildings, Adelphi.

Ladies throughout the United Kingdom are requested to apply to the hon. secretary for collecting cards in aid of the fund, and to supply materials for transmission to the Ladies' Committee at Beyrouth. Those principally needed are, Calicoes, bleached and unbleached; do figured, printed, and dark, Fancy Muslin de Laine, Linings, Stuffs, Blue Duffs, Blue Lindsay, Serge and Sheets of Wadding for lining women's jackets. And the benevolent ladies of Great Britain are earnestly entreated to raise and send contributions of money and materials as above specified, for the use of the Central Ladies' Committee in London, to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Cyrus R. Edmonds, 12, York-buildings, Adelphi, London.

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On Monday, November 19th, and during the week, THE NIGHT DANCERS. Madame Palmieri, Miss Leffler, Miss Thirlwall, and Miss Albertazzi; Miss Huddart, Meers, Henry Haigh, H. Corri, T. Distin, G. Kelly.

After which, a new ballet of action, THE AMBUCADE. Messrs. W. H. Payne, H. Payne, F. Payne, Mons. Vandris; Madame Pierron, Miss Clara Morgan, and the corps de ballet.

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**THE SUN AND THE WIND,**

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**THE BABES IN THE WOOD,**

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On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, after the comedy, a new farce, called

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**THE YOUNG WIDOW.**

Principal characters by Mr. H. H. Neville, Mr. J. Rouse, Miss Hudspeth, and Miss Rose Howard.

After which, the brilliantly successful new Drama, in three Acts, entitled

**ADRIENNE; or, THE SECRET OF A LIFE.**

The new Scenery under the direction of Mr. William Calcott. Principal characters by Messrs. George Vining, Harry Neville, John Rouse, J. Johnstone, T. Lyon, Campbell, Forster, Butler, Clifford, Mrs. Keeley, and Madame Celeste. To conclude with a New Operatic Comedietta, by J. Stirling Coyne, Esq., entitled

**THE PETS OF THE PARTERRE.**

The Music composed by Mr. George Loder. The new Scenery under the Direction of Mr. William Calcott. Principal characters by Mr. H. Neville, Mr. J. Rouse, Miss Maria Ternan, Miss Neville, Miss Hudspeth, Miss Stuart, Miss Turner, Miss Douglass, Miss Annie Collinson, and Miss Lydia Thompson.

NOTICE.—The public is respectfully informed that JOHN DREW, the celebrated Irish comedian, at present fulfilling a most brilliant engagement at the Theatre Royal Dublin, is engaged at this Theatre for a limited number of nights, and will make his first appearance in London, in his original character of Handy Andy, on Monday, 26th November.

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being a Medical Essay on Nervousness, Indigestion, Loss of Memory, their Prevention and Cure; the result of Twenty-five Years' successful practice. By Dr. J. L. CURTIS, No. 15, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London. Consultations from 10 to 3 and 6 to 8.

"The author has conferred a great boon by publishing this little work, which points out the source of decline in youth, or more frequently premature old age."—Daily Telegraph, March 27, 1856.

## GARIBALDI'S WORK.

SOME of our contemporaries are enjoying the pleasure of depicting GARIBALDI at rest, after the close of another act of his noble drama of a patriotic life; but whether the popular chieftain is at his little island farm, or at the head of the army of Naples, his brain is equally busy, and his mind equally intent upon the completion of his great design. He tells his countrymen that in March he shall require a million of men, and if the telegram speaks truth, he has followed his promise of assisting the Hungarians by giving cannon and arms to Colonel TURR. In point of fact, no one knows better than GARIBALDI how much more has to be accomplished before Italy can be consolidated, and the reign of peace and internal development really begin. There can be no diminution of expenditure and no cessation of military preparations until the Austrian question is decided, and either the improbable event occurs that the HAPSBURGS are once more triumphant, or what is more likely, until their power of doing mischief is completely destroyed. The approach of winter will serve to allay fears or expectations of a great struggle occurring during the present year; and as every day that passes brings Austria nearer to a national bankruptcy, the postponement of the conflict may possibly be equivalent to its avoidance altogether. There is of course the supposition that FRANCIS JOSEPH may repudiate his pecuniary arrangements at the very moment, and for the purpose of plunging into war; and it is worth remembering that a great part of his loans is held by Dutchmen, whom he would not object to cheat. Moreover, most of the materials of war exist within the HAPSBURG dominions, which can furnish food, clothing, iron, sulphur, and charcoal, in return for the paper promises whose currency is enforced. Whatever may be the intentions of the Austrian Court, the preparations for war continue with unabated vigour; every day witnesses some addition to the Quadrangle, and both shores of the Adriatic are ready for attack. It would also seem as if FRANCIS II. lingers at Gaeta in some expectation of assistance which the House of HAPSBURG dare not afford directly, but which might come from a collision between Austrian and Sardinian troops. Our opinion is against this supposition, but it is difficult to assign any other meaning to the obstinate stand which the ex-King is making, and which is calculated to induce a useless, highly criminal waste of life.

GARIBALDI has managed his Neapolitan business with admirable skill, and he will act wisely if he stands aloof from all the political questions of internal administration, and bide his time for another patriotic and military move. As a European incident, few things are more important than the union of Naples with Sardinia, and the acceptance of VICTOR EMMANUEL by universal suffrage; and GARIBALDI has immensely advanced the cause of national democracy by the dignity and simplicity with which he gave freedom to nine millions of people, and handed a crown to their elected king. VICTOR EMMANUEL, too, has played his part well, and those who think humanity is higher than kingcraft, will delight in contemplating the essentially popular character of the movement, and also to find in GARIBALDI the model Republican hero who despises ease, luxury, and wealth, and seeks to be rich only in doing his country good. If the Italian leader had allured himself into the courtier, or the new-fangled man of title, the moral value of his career would have been lost, but as it is, we reverence the old Roman simplicity attending the popular hero and wonderful chief. The way in which GARIBALDI has been singled out for admiration and praise is both satisfactory and hopeful, for the man is the especial representative and embodiment of the virtues which are most necessary in a period of revolution and transition, and opposed to the peculiar defections from a sound standard that characterize our present industrial state. We look at France, and with every disposition to make the best of the Empire, and acknowledge the services its foreign policy has rendered to Europe, we cannot help feeling that the success of the Empire is a sort of apotheosis of fortunate and audacious crime. France in her difficulties could only raise a NAPOLEON, Italy has given the world a GARIBALDI, who, without pretending to the skill of the French Emperor in dexterously balancing himself upon the tight-rope of despotism, has recalled men to a better faith than the mere worship of success, and taught them the old lesson, that there is a mighty power in a pure unselfish heart. We do not know any man of our times who has done so much to raise the moral character of public leaders, and wish that we had a few GARIBALDIS at home.

How far CAVOUR is really hostile to the plans of GARIBALDI the future must show, but we believe the discrepancy is far more in appearance than in fact. There is,

however, one thing that will test the quality of VICTOR EMMANUEL and his ministers, and that is how they act in the question which GARIBALDI has just raised—that of arming the people. Notwithstanding the large population who now own the Sardinian Sovereign as their king, Italy cannot expect to cope with Austria by means of her regular army alone. GARIBALDI is not far wrong when he asks for a million of men, and not half their number could be maintained out of the State revenues, or entirely withdrawn from industrial life, without occasioning too great a pressure to be borne. Nothing but a well organized Volunteer system, which will make the citizens soldiers, can fully answer the demand. No doubt while the union is still unconsolidated this course will have its dangers, but they cannot be compared to the far greater peril of leaving the country too weak to withstand the shock of Austrian arms. Europe has the greatest interest in seeing Italy strong, and the day that she has the million armed men recommended by GARIBALDI, she will cease to be in danger from the meddling of France.

Venetia must be rescued; and, ultimately, Rome must become the governmental city of a united Italy. Nothing short of this consummation will give a fair chance of keeping down jealousies and gratifying aspirations; and if Lord JOHN RUSSELL can do that very difficult thing for a Whig—stick closely to the spirit of the admirable statement he has just expressed—England will assist in the completion of the design. We rejoice in the universal praise which all the world accords to GARIBALDI, because the general prevalence of such sentiments of admiration cannot fail to benefit the Italian cause, and because no honour which opinion can bestow can equal the merit of the man; but while we join in the general chorus of "Glory to GARIBALDI," we are not unmindful that others have done their part also, and that, not to mention other names, Italy would never have reached her present position but for the labours of men so opposite as MAZZINI and CAVOUR.

## MR. BRIGHT ON SOCIAL SCIENCE.

MR. BRIGHT having received a letter from a Blackburn manufacturer, complaining of the ignorance of the working classes in regard to their own interests, as manifested in "strikes," has replied in a letter, in which he discusses certain principles of political economy, and the question of what share the citizen should have in the making of those laws by which he is governed and taxed—raising points that go to the very core of social science. On the subject of "strikes," he tells his correspondent that it is not to be expected that the workmen should be wiser than other classes; and we know well, he says, that other classes have, whenever able to do it, enforced combination prices, and endeavoured to make a scarcity of the articles in which they have dealt. The fact is, Mr. BRIGHT considers that *there is a lamentable ignorance of the laws which ought to regulate labour and trade*, and that the study of political economy is totally neglected in the education of the people. We have quoted Mr. BRIGHT's exact words as reported in the newspapers. That there is a lamentable ignorance of the laws which ought to regulate our societarian arrangements in general, labour and trade inclusive, we hold to be an obvious fact, patent to every one capable of seeing below the mere surface of things; and that the study of political economy, which is simply a written description of the workings of a portion of our present societarian arrangements, has a tendency, by showing the badness and misery-producing character of some of those arrangements, to indirectly bring about improvement and reform, we also hold to be certain. But we do not believe that the mere study of a mere written description of how wealth is produced, and is distributed in the present state of things, is calculated by direct means to make that state better. Political economy shows us that (whatever individual employers may hold in theory about workmen being entitled to enough wages to live upon, and to be paid what their work is really worth, notwithstanding their readiness to sell it for less) the actual fact in practice is that wages are regulated by what is called the law of supply and demand. That is, if the labour market is overstocked, if there are, for example, in consequence of a redundant population, fifty workpeople competing for thirty situations, wages will not only be forced down to a minimum, or starvation price, and the employer's profit proportionably increased, but some of the workpeople will be without employment, and consequently without the means of subsistence altogether. If, on the other hand, the labour market should happen to be understocked—if, for example, there should be fifty situations for only thirty workpeople, then the competi-

tion will be among the employers ; wages will rise towards a maximum, and profits be proportionately diminished, sinking towards a minimum.

Now, the cases thus put are simply illustrations of the universal practice, which the political economists did not originate, but have only described, of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. As a general rule human beings have always and everywhere done this; ages upon ages before QUESNAY and ADAM SMITH were born, and as much in Turkey (where political economy is unknown, the first treatise in that language having recently been written by the prizeman of an English college) as in England itself, the country of political economy, *par excellence*. But when political economy tells us that wages and prices are regulated by the law of supply and demand, and that people buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, it merely states the real principle of which it has caught a partial glimpse, in a very crude and imperfect manner. These axioms cited above are mere "rough generalizations." The fact in view may be correctly generalized in the following proposition : society, in its present state of development, is a system of individual acquisition for individual emolument, each individual having to live by making as much out of others, in his dealings with them, as he can. Every person is compelled to this by the inexorable pressure of circumstances. We know how Mr. RUSKIN has been attacked for saying that the workman should have enough wages to subsist upon, whatever is the state of trade. We are far from denying that the common stock and all the resources of the community, produced and contributed to by every one of its members, should also be available, as far as they will extend, for the best possible satisfaction of the wants and requirements of every one of its members; but that is utterly impossible in a system of individual acquisition for individual emolument, in which each is driven by the necessities of his position to live by making as much as he possibly can out of his dealings with others. Just imagine an employer paying his work-people, not such wages as their labour will fetch in the state of the labour market for the time being, supposing that insufficient to live upon, but a larger sum; the inevitable consequence would be that he could not hold his ground against his competitors in the same trade, whose profits would be as much greater than his as the wages they paid were less. We have supposed the case of only one single employer attempting this, and even that supposition is extremely improbable, not to say without a single precedent that we are aware of; to suppose that all the employers in a particular trade would do such a thing would be wilder still; but if they did, then the whole trade would be ruined, that's all. And if all trades, if all who live by what they make by their business with others—and all do so live, directly or indirectly—then the whole country would be ruined. Imagine the landlord fixing his rent, not according to what his house would fetch in the "house-market," but according to the tenant's means; for if this principle be introduced at all, it ought of course to be fairly and consistently carried out through the whole system. If we look deeply into the question, we see here one of those attempts to put a new piece of cloth into a rotten garment, which only makes the rent worse than it was; we see one of those strange anomalies with which all bad systems which cannot be made to work with logical consistency, are sought to be patched together, and bolstered up. No, in the present system, things generally and in the long run will be best if each be left perfectly free to drive the best bargain he can for himself, and make the most out of his dealings with others that he possibly can. But, it may be objected, is one man to take advantage of another who happens to be weaker in a mental or a monetary sense, as in the early days of savagery, before the origin of society, men used their physical strength to rob and reduce each other to slavery? Is one man to prey upon another's necessities, because the latter happens to be helpless and dependent upon him? Is one man, because he happens to be rich, to say to another who happens to be poor, come and work for me, give me your whole labour and its produce, and I will return you as small a portion as I possibly can, in the shape of wages? We answer that that is verily the logical consequence of a system of individual acquisition for individual emolument, in which each has to live by making all he can get out of his dealings with others; nay, it is the very essence of the system itself; and what is more, if you attempt to alter it by any ill-judged tinkering, you will only make bad worse. If you are dissatisfied with this, alter the fundamental principle of the system—reform it altogether—but do not

blow hot and cold with the same breath; do not be guilty of the paradox involved in urging that in a system, the watchword of which is "everyone for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," you can ever get people in general, and in the long run, to take such good care of the interests of others as they will take of their own. True it may be, that the difference between each seeking primarily his own good on the one hand, and on the other, seeking primarily the good of others, is this—that the former is equivalent to each individual having the whole community for competitors in a combination against him; while in the latter case the effect would be as if each individual had the whole community united together for promoting his interests; true, this may be; but in the present system there can, as a general rule, be no such thing as primarily seeking the good of others; the very "conditions of existence" in such a system rigorously exclude it. Individuals there may be (like angels' visits, which we believe to have somewhere heard do not often take place, and then not many at a time) who may primarily seek the good of others; but even they could not pursue such a course in commercial transactions; if they did, they would soon find it terminate in Basinghall or Portugal Street.

We readily admit that enlightened self-love, taking a broad and extensive view in the present, and looking forward to what we call "the long run," in the future, would prefer a system in which, by each primarily seeking to promote the good of others, each would have the whole community banded together for his benefit; enlightened self-love sees clearly enough that a system in which benevolence would be most gratified is precisely the one in which even short-sighted, narrow selfishness would be most gratified; because it is where each would be best off and most comfortable, that each would have the consciousness that others were happy and well off. But enlightened self-love has very little to do with the present mercantile system; men have to live from hand to mouth, and from day to day; the necessity of providing for their daily subsistence compels them, *nolens volens*, whether they like it or not, to loose a great remote good for a trifling present profit. No; a short-sighted selfishness, grasping at the shadow and losing the substance, is an absolute necessity of the present system—a part of its very essence. It may be perfectly true that the interests of all men are identified upon a general and permanent view; but it is not so practically in particular localities at a given time. Granted that the invention of machinery has done immense good for mankind at large—granted that for the very class whose hand labour was supplanted by it, it has, in the long run, done immense good, given employment to thousands in a subsequent generation where only dozens were employed in a former one; granted all this; but remember that you are speaking of the human race, and of classes which are "corporations," at least in the attribute of "never dying," and this confuses your ideas and sinks out of sight the workpeople thrown out of employ by the original introduction of machinery; the workpeople whose daily wages were barely sufficient for the day's needs; the workpeople whose enforced idleness for three days made them starving paupers. We have adduced this case for the purpose of illustrating the difference there is between permanent and general good on the one hand, and immediate and private on the other; and though in a better system the former might be maximized without the sacrifice of the latter, it is in the present system, and must be of necessity, *this and not that* which is the *primum mobile* of human conduct. Indeed, it would be superfluous to point out further how admirably the direct immediate personal interest of each being brought into the hardest and sharpest collision with that of others, through each having to live by making the most he can out of everybody he deals with, is adapted to intensify selfishness and a callous disregard for the welfare of others, and to obliterate everything like sympathy and benevolence from the human mind. Such, then, being the system and its logical workings, we really cannot see how men can be shown to be logically inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the system, in trying to enforce combination prices, and to make a scarcity in the articles in which they deal. The grand principle of free trade is that men be left perfectly free to buy and sell how and at what prices and in what markets they choose; that production and distribution be left entirely to take place as men please to engage in either, without any legislative restrictions whatsoever. Well, then, may not an individual logically and consistently ask what price he chooses for anything he has to dispose of? May not two individuals, may not any number of individuals, do it; and do it either in concert or not? May not a class agree upon what price it will sell something it happens to possess and which

others want, whether labour, or food, or any other commodity ? It is absurd to object that mischief will thereby accrue to those who do this ; because, in the first place, mischief will not necessarily accrue to those doing it ; and, in the next place, if it were true, it would still be logically consistent with the fundamental principles of the system ; so that when it is true all it does is to bring the system to a *reductio ad absurdum*. When the party who " strikes " for higher prices or shorter working hours is unable to hold out, and finds his place supplied by other competitors, and himself left destitute, no doubt he does himself harm ; but if he has the best of it and carries his point, then he manifestly gains by enforcing a combination price. And so when a monopolist has bought up some commodity which he is thus able to sell at a price that makes his fortune at once, it would be as difficult to show how he was injured by this, as it would to show that, in making the article scarce, he was not acting in perfect consistency with what the political economists tell us about buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. Let the present system be logically, fairly, consistently carried out ; it will soon be brought to a dead lock, and proved unworkable, and a better will be introduced and established.

At Rochdale, Mr. BRIGHT has before his eyes an example of the mutual assurance principle practically and successfully at work in a coadjutive mercantile enterprise, embracing several trades. What is to prevent the application and extension of this principle to an enterprise of any magnitude ? To one whole trade throughout the entire country ? Nay, to all the trade of the country ? In a word, to the whole community ? The larger the scale on which it was worked the greater would be the economy of labour, and the larger the emoluments attending it. While each member of the community would feel the interest of a partner ; so that there would be the maximum of inducement and reward for the minimum of toil, instead of, as at present, the minimum of inducement and reward, for the maximum of labour and exertion.

#### GUY FAUX AND THE LORD MAYOR.

THE negroe's criticism upon CESAR and POMPEY will apply very well to the personages whose names stand at the head of this article, GUY FAUX and the LORD MAYOR are very much alike, especially the LORD MAYOR.

Their anniversaries come so close to each other in the month of November, that we have the best opportunity of instituting a comparison between them, and of forming a judgment as to their respective merits. GUY comes forth on his barrel on the 5th, my LORD MAYOR follows, in his grand state coach, on the 9th. The interval is so short that one may be said to have both displays in his eye at once. We are not going to ridicule old customs, or sneer at pompous ceremonials ? They are things to be reverenced. Do we not all of us observe customs and ceremonials. Has not every social circle its grand festival day, when there is a better dinner than usual ; when the girls have new frocks and the boys new jackets, and a good deal of money is thrown away, just because it is the family festival day, and for no other earthly reason. Don't sneer at the LORD MAYOR's Show, MR. JONES, for you have an annual LORD MAYOR's Show of your own on your natal day, when you give that grand dinner party, and burn wax candles, and have the green-grocer to wait, dressed up to resemble, not a man in armour, but a family butler. You have the pomp and circumstance of a quantity of plate, which you borrow for the day, as the great civic JONES borrows his suits of armour and his cream-coloured chargers. Let him who is without a Show of his own cast the first stone at the LORD MAYOR.

No : we are not going to complain of the LORD MAYOR's Show as a show, and as a symbol of city privileges. We might as well complain of the QUEEN'S Procession to Parliament—indeed, the royal and the civic state coach are also very much alike—or of the innocent lark in which the charity children indulge, of beating parish bounds. We complain of the Show because it is a bad show, a tawdry show, an undignified show, a mean, vulgar, " crapulous " show—a show, in fact, altogether unworthy of the occasion of the age, and the ancient splendour of the City.

The Show was all this on the late Ninth, notwithstanding that LORD MAYOR CUBITT made an effort to revive the glories of Sir WOOLSTONE DIXIE, whose show displayed a pageant in which all the ends of the earth were represented in allegorical figures, attended by several nymphs, among whom was—

"The pleasant Thames, a sweet and dainty one;" together with Magnanimity, Loyalty, the Country ; the Sol-

dier, the Sailor ; Arts, Commerce, and the Old Nobility, all led by a Moor, mounted on a lazarn. The effort, we must say, was a feeble one, for the only scrap of ancient splendour to be discovered was a dozen unhappy beings in armour, set astride the same number of ASTLEY's cream-coloured hacks, looking for all the world like a row of animated pairs of tongs. You could not help it ; the mind wandered insensibly to the Fifth ; and you expected every minute to hear the fizzing of a squib or the banging of a cracker. Why did not the watermen wear masks, and the City Marshal sing, "Please to remember ;" and the LORD MAYOR, or at least the gentleman with his head in a muff, have a short pipe in his mouth ?

We will not, however, lay all the blame of this ragged display upon the LORD MAYOR. He was not responsible for the long row of dirty, ramshackle flys—they do not deserve the name of carriages—which preceded the state coach. There were at least twenty of those vehicles, their panels covered with dust and dirt ; the horses, mere knackers, ungroomed, broken-knee'd, and apparently broken-hearted. The coachmen, in most cases, were worthy of the cattle they drove ; and seem to have been selected on the principle, that he who drives broken-down horses should himself be broken down. No night cab would present a more miserable and wretched appearance than did these city clarences. No night-cabman could look more dingy and dirty than did those city coachmen. The owners of these vehicles were evidently city dignitaries, for you saw them sitting inside, arrayed in gowns and cocked hats, and looking every bit as important as the LORD MAYOR himself. But, nevertheless, we emphatically say, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. If we were LORD MAYOR we should decidedly refuse to march through Coventry with such a squad. We Londoners of course, know very well that those dignitaries in gowns and cocked-hats are merchant princes who might ride in coaches of gold if they chose ; but what will the intelligent foreigner think ? If we are all proud of the Corporation of the City of London, as Lord PALMERSTON, and every other minister who dines at Guildhall, says we are, we must naturally be jealous for the Corporation's dignity. We make some sacrifices [for this show]. Throughout the whole route, from Guildhall to Westminster, we are content to suffer a total suspension of business for the greater part of the day ; we give up the various thoroughfares to the procession, and submit to be driven into back streets ; we yield ourselves to an uncontrolled street mob, and meekly endure robbery and ill-usage. In fact, we pay our money, and have a right to our money's worth in return. If the LORD MAYOR is simply to be made a Guy of, like the hero of the Fifth, the sooner the venerable ceremony is discontinued altogether the better. At present it is typical of nothing but tawdry shabbiness, exciting only ridicule and disgust, and provoking simply derision and laughter.

We see no reason whatever why the LORD MAYOR's procession should be subject to this reproach. It might, we think, very easily be invested both with dignity and interest. The carriages of the sheriffs are unexceptionable—the LORD MAYOR's state-coach is at least as dignified a vehicle as the state-coach of the QUEEN, and the procession of the watermen—if the men were better dressed—is perfectly appropriate ; but all the rest is second-hand leather and prunella. The men in armour are grossly ridiculous, and the row of dirty clarences positively offensive. Why not substitute representatives of the various city companies with their banners and badges. We should then have something like a symbolic representation of the commercial constitution of the City of London. One might then read the story of the City's wealth and greatness as the procession passed by ; while there would be always a sufficient element of fun in the old gentleman in the muff-hat who pokes the sword out of the window of the state-coach.

The City may depend upon it that the public will not stand the show much longer, if it is simply to be a repetition of the festival of GUY FAUX. The inconvenience of a whole day of blockade in the principal thoroughfares of the town is not to be tamely endured, save for some very good cause. For a grand gathering of the Volunteers, or for anything else of the kind, which has a practical and national value ; but they will not long tolerate a mere ceremony which has neither meaning nor dignity.

#### HOW TO DIMINISH OUR ANNUAL EXPENDITURE.

OUR national expenditure now amounts to the vast annual sum of nearly seventy millions ; and, if we adopt the recommendations of the Commissioners appointed to consider the present

state of the national defences, we shall require to lay out £11,850,000 in the course of the next four years, in addition to the sums required to meet the ordinary expences of Government. It therefore becomes a matter of the utmost importance to inquire, whether there are any means within our reach, which will enable us to diminish the national expenditure and lighten the heavy burden of taxation. The interest of the public debt absorbs about two-fifths of the annual revenue; the expenses of the army and navy swallow up other two-fifths; and the remaining fifth is expended in maintaining the civil government of the country. The first of these sources of expenditure we cannot, of course, reduce: nor can we, in the present threatening state of the political horizon of Europe, safely attempt to diminish the second; while the sums expended in maintaining the civil service of the Home Government cannot be said to be extravagant, or to admit of any material reduction. But there is one direction in which it appears to us that some change and some retrenchment might safely and easily be effected, and that is, in the expenditure connected with the maintenance and protection of our colonies, and we should like to see the attention of our legislators turned in this direction during the ensuing session of Parliament. The prosperous state of most of our colonies and dependencies ought, ere long, to make them independent of all support from the mother country, or, at least, able and willing to pay for that support which they actually receive; and it is surely worth while inquiring, whether a considerable reduction might not be effected in the grants now made for the salaries of their governors and magistrates, and also in the large sums now voted for their defence, in conformity with the recommendation of the committee on the military defences of the colonies. Our colonies comprise an area of about six millions of square miles, and, exclusive of India, cost us upwards of £4,000,000 per annum. They now enjoy a very large measure of self-government, are lightly taxed, and, except in the case of British India and Canada, are unencumbered by the pressure of a national debt. Our North American colonies, which are in the most prosperous condition, and which, in 1859, took £3,600,000 of British and Irish manufactures, annually entail on the national exchequer an expenditure of £500,000 for fortifications, barracks, regular troops, and naval charges, for governors and ecclesiastical affairs, besides a portion of the expense of the packet service and a portion of the expense of the fleet on the North American station. Our West Indian colonies are also very costly; draining the British Exchequer of upwards of £600,000 per annum to pay their governors and justices, their ecclesiastical establishments, their troops and fortifications. Our vast possessions in Australia, with an annual income of £6,000,000, and an expenditure of £5,000,000, yet cost the mother country half a million per annum; while our African colonies entail upon us an outlay of no less than a million annually; and Ceylon, Labuan, and Hong Kong, cost £450,000. Lastly, we come to India, the richest and most important of our colonial possessions, with a trade, counting exports and imports, amounting to £55,000,000, and a revenue of £32,000,000. Unfortunately the expenditure greatly exceeds the revenue, and has been rapidly increasing. The outlay for military purposes has increased from £11,000,000 in 1855, to £19,500,000 in 1859; and the home charges, during the same period, have risen from £2,500,000 to £6,000,000. But it must be remembered that thirty-two millions of taxes in a population of 170 millions, is an unprecedented light taxation, scarcely amounting to 4s. per head; while the taxation in this country is £2 2s. per head, and in Russia, the most lightly taxed country in Europe, 12s. per head. It is clear, therefore, that, by a more thorough system of taxation, India might easily be made to defray her own expenses. The colonies of other European nations, although not enjoying that degree of liberty and self-government which we have wisely accorded to ours, are yet often obliged to pay the whole expenses of their government and defence. To take but one prominent instance—that of Cuba, the brightest gem in the colonial diadem of Spain. There, although the native planters and merchants are deprived of all political power and influence, which are the exclusive property of the Spanish governor and Spanish officials, they are yet obliged to defray the whole expense of the colonial establishment, both civil and military, and to remit, besides, the surplus revenue—generally amounting to upwards of a million annually—to the Spanish treasury. Surely, then, we are not making an unreasonable suggestion when we propose that our own colonies, where the inhabitants enjoy the same privileges and the same freedom as ourselves, and where they are in general well able to pay the expenses of their civil and military government—should be required either to defray the whole of their expenses, or at least to pay the largest proportion of them, and thus relieve the revenue of the mother country of a heavy expenditure, which it can but ill afford, and which it ought not in justice to be called upon to bear.

#### A SLIGHT REVOKE.

THERE are few things more unpleasant than to be obliged to retract or modify praise—but it must sometimes be done for Truth's sake. The Neapolitan correspondent of the *Times* is, we believe, an Englishman, and can have no motive, that we are aware of, to detract from the credit of his countrymen. Yet we had scarcely printed our remarks on the beneficial effect on Italian feeling towards England, in consequence of the co-operation of our countrymen, and on the bearings of the co-operation, when we read, in the Neapolitan correspondence, to the following effect, viz.—that the English residents regret, likely to result from the misconduct of the English Volunteer Corps, or of many of its members,

that such a corps was ever formed—that some of them are “loafing” or idling about the streets of Naples—that others have been guilty of certain excesses, which the writer declines naming—that the corps is dwindling away, and will, probably, soon cease to exist, its better members enrolling themselves in the several regular Sardinian regiments. That a portion of our countrymen have done us, and will continue to do us honour, there can be little doubt, whilst we most sincerely regret that any should have detracted by their misconduct from the general credit.

Unfortunately, in the case of our countrymen, it is always most dangerous to risk anything like praise of a general description. If in firing a salvo in their honour, we in the slightest degree overload our piece, we are sure of a sharp recoil on our shoulder, if we are not fairly knocked over. The liberty which gives free path to the wise or the brave, makes an arena, too, for Marplots, mountebanks, and vauiens. There is not a good article in our shops of which there is not some cheap and rubbishy imitation; we cannot have a fine five-act piece, without some farce at the end of it. There is somebody or something to blot our fairest pages. Do we open trade with a new country, as Japan, and congratulate ourselves and our country upon it, the next news is that a set of English vagabonds are disgracing us in the eyes of our newly-acquired friends by infamous bullying and extortion. The Volunteer movement goes on most honourably and respectably, excepting only that little canine affair (which, by-the-by, only Englishmen would have blundered into). The continent looks on the movement with respectful eyes, when some injudicious youngsters, whose best excuse may be that it is only in their Volunteer capacity that their parents will allow them pocket-money, or trust them in Paris, desire to trot their uniforms on the Boulevards. If we do not fail in principle, we take care to fail in taste, judgment, or discretion.

#### SELECTION—TAILS, TOYS, CAOUTCHOUC.

**I**N what a flutter is an ordinary man's heart, when he fancies that he is on the point of proving his title to a Peerage! All kinds of things—old tombstones, for instance, as in the famous TRACY case, are brought in evidence. With “a strange kind of inverted ambition,” others are in an ecstacy at the chance of finding, if they leave no stone or stratum unturned—by infinite pains, that they are descended from a molluse, or from that primitive worm that has scrawled or crawled his autograph upon the “Cambrian.” To these the text, “I am a worm, and no man,” probably appears to contain a greater mystery of truth than any other in the volume which some of us receive as inspired. We suppose that a good genealogist would value his personal skill more than his family pride, and admit, if needs were, a *sus. per coll.* in his lineage, rather than miss a link or make a blunder. It is some reward to find that if we belong to a family that has no dignity, we belong to one that has no responsibilities.

If we are doomed

“Downwards to climb, and backwards to advance,” may we go at last right through the granite on a philosopher's back, as DANTE did on the old serpent's, and passing the centre come up at last to some antipodean heaven, and be able to exclaim,

“E quindi uscimmo a riveder' le stelle.”

If any reader asks what this has to do with our main subjects, we reply, that we make use of the popular principle of “selection,” and that the link of connection between what we have said and what we are going to say, is at least as strong as that between a man and a Japan lizard, in its supreme development, or a monkey. The Rabbis were beforehand, in one respect, with Lord MONBODDO and the developmentarians: they said that ADAM was born with a tail; also, we believe, that he was of a green colour, but that is less to our purpose. When watching the young of other creatures amusing themselves unweariedly with their—natural playthings—we have sometimes been absorbed in reflection upon the harder lot of the human juvenile which has been less liberally endowed, and which depends so much on the generosity of others for its instruments of entertainment. We have been even tempted to think that a tail might have been arranged, calculated to serve all the purposes of childhood, and dropping off, like that of the tadpole, at the approach of adolescence, and so, in as small a degree as possible, compromising the dignity or throwing doubt upon the origin of man. What a saving of expense to uncles and aunts! of infant quarrels about possession! of parental inventions to preserve quiet and provide amusement! what an escape for ever from those “*dons hostiles*,” malicious presents from false and pretended friends to the infants of nervous parents, such as small trumpets and drums, and penny fifes and whistles, utterly destructive of family comfort.

But, compared with nature's wisdom, ours is mere folly. “Necessity is the mother of invention,” and the toy-necessity has put bread into the mouths of many poor little English, Dutch, and German children; what is play to us, being virtuous to them. Go to the Lowther-arcade; what cheapness! what ingenuity! what splendour! Could the cannibal himself desire anything more tempting and gaudy wherewith to bait his traps for the succulent but wandering and incautious children of a hostile tribe? What endless purchases for a shilling? All joy, then, to the toy-buyers, toy-brokers, and toy-breakers, on whom the two former depend; may the playthings of the junior portion

of our infancy flourish in all their prodigality and pomp, paint, and brittleness.

Before, however, dismissing the younger children, their joys, toys, and appurtenances with a blessing, one word upon perambulators: here it is impossible not to be on the side of the crinolines and nervous gentlemen with corns. The deliberate way in which parents send out a couple of their infants, side by side, in these cramping, chilling, limb-weakening traps, with the most complete and selfish contempt of the comfort of ordinary pedestrians, deserves a word of animadversion. There is no pretext for the two—it may soon be three-child-abreast perambulator, dragged recklessly forward by an impertinent hussy of a nursemaid. Why not a *vis-a-vis*, or a *dos-a-dos* arrangement, and consequently narrower carriage? Had we ever seen the poor children engaged in apparently pleasing converse, or in passing remarks on objects on their route, interchanging observations and inferences, it might be cruel to interrupt such social intercourse; on the contrary, they seem invariably silent, dissatisfied with the destiny which hurries them onward, with the ill-nature of the interrupted pedestrian reflected on the expression of their own physiognomies. Let no parent who sends forth his children into the streets in a double perambulator, dare to complain of aristocratic aggression in Kensington-gardens or elsewhere. As for parents and nurses, no more appropriate punishment could be devised than a compulsory perambulation of the children up and down Cheapside during the three busiest hours of the day. Uninterfered with by the police, they should be left simply to the executions of the hurried passers to and fro. It is probable that the most impudent nursemaid would fairly confess herself vanquished rather than submit to a repetition of the progress. Children have their little selfishnesses, but they are nothing compared with those of average parents and nurses in connection with their children. So let the perambulators pass on, and off.

We proceed from the innocent to that which is usually considered the mischievous age, eliminating the gentler sex, and leaving them to their dolls, dancing, and ornamental needlework.

It may be unreasonable of us to expect to have our WHITWORTHS and ARMSTRONGS, and all the scientific improvements in the arts of injuring, entirely to ourselves. The boy has his engineers and mechanicians, and naturally emulates the man. Toy rifles may be seen in the shops, with bayonets of most formidable proportions, really calculated to do a great deal of mischief, and which might well call for a "disarming act." These are palpably dangerous, and could find, certainly, no sale in well-regulated schools or families. But that which is the most to be deprecated is the insidious use of india-rubber, that strange substance of which the well-known philosopher, DR. PRIESTLY, purchased, now some sixty or seventy years ago, a specimen, as quite a novelty, at the price of about two shillings for the square inch and a-half, and which has proved so elastic—not merely in its quality—but in its capabilities and price. The most perilous applications of India-rubber have lately made their appearance in the shops, worthy not merely of the animadversions of parents, but the attention of the police.

There is a caoutchouc sling, with a place ingeniously arranged for depositing the stone or bullet, so infallible, it is said, in a skilful hand, that with it our boys might surpass, with a little practice, the famous children of the Balearic Isles, and sling down their dinners from the very highest trees in Hyde Park. Even in a feeble hand, its force of projection is tremendous, and might easily stun or even kill the unwary passenger. Very recently at Cheltenham, the police had to be stationed about the volunteers' parade ground, to protect them from the action of these slings.

Then there is the catapult, also in india-rubber, and for casting arrows of almost cloth-yard dimension; its form is somewhat like that of a horse-shoe; unfortunately it is easily pocketable, and we may henceforth look with considerable apprehension at an arrow carried without any apparent bow. The elasticity is, in this case, in the cord, and the resistance in the short piece of iron on which the shaft rests. Fears may be entertained for the fate of Cupid's familiar lip-like bow in the valentines of the future, indeed, that small god might insidiously clasp one of these catapults under his wing as easily as one of his mother's doves could secrete a lady's *billet-doux*.

The last weapon which it is necessary to mention, is nominally the "bird killer"—for public sparrows or our private pigeons, as the case may be; but also calculated to inflict, accidentally or not, very severe and painful blows on any "bipes implunis" who happens to be in the vicinity. Its structure is as follows:—First, we have to loose detached handles of wood, five or six inches in length, cylindrical in form, towards the end tapering rather sharply and abruptly to a point; then a cord of india-rubber of about the thickness of an ordinary clothes-line, eight or nine inches long, and strongly looped at each end. These loops are slipped over the two handles, which are held apart, one in each hand, keeping on the stretch the cord, which in this case is itself the weapon, and which is projected with great violence by gradually approximating slightly the two ends of the handles, allowing the loops to slip rapidly over the tapering portions, and so liberating the cord with a jerk.

Now, those who live in great cities, or their suburbs, may fairly protest with vehemence against such weapons one and all, though we are inclined to forgive india-rubber a great deal, for the sake of those hollow balls,—that harmless, bounding, and boundless blessing to the nursery.

Invention, always fertile in mischief, ought not to be aided and abetted by the toy-maker. Already the rude and reckless stone-throwing of the young street Amalekites is formidably on the

increase. Not many months ago, our own shins were nearly broken by a very considerable portion of a brief-hat, hurled across a suburban road by one of these urchins at his companion; our favourite dogs are frequent sufferers. Let our police look to this, as well as to the perversion of the toy-maker's art; and as we are making the safety of the public our study, the police would also do well to have an eye to the intentional sowing of small pieces of orange-peel on the pavement during the orange season, an amusement in which we have seen five or six children of the democracy more than once busily engaged in the evening twilight.

#### MODERN SLANG.

TALK of the Chinese with their unintelligible language, their fifteen definitions sometimes attached to one word, but what better will the English soon be who are yearly engraving whole families of slang words on our genuine parent roots? Take, for instance, that one plain comprehensive word "money;" in the extraordinary nomenclature of modern slang it is recognised by no less than eighteen cant terms, each as uncouth in sound as it is unintelligible in meaning. Does a gentleman wish to express his admiration of a young lady—"She is a stunner, by Jove," an "out-and-outter," "a star," "a flamer." If a reigning belle, "she is all the rage." If her admirer be a nautical man, she is designated "a trim little clipper." If a jockey, she is classed, in the jargon of the stables, "a thorough pacer," "a handsome filly." A young man rarely addresses his friend by his proper name, he is invariably "old boy," or "old fellow." In speaking of his companions, they are all fellows—"jolly fellows," "plucky fellows," "chums," "trumps," or "bricks." The last term is particularly comprehensive, it includes within its ample bounds not only the individual himself but all his actions. Men drink like bricks, hunt like bricks, pay like bricks, run in debt like bricks, smoke like bricks, live like bricks—yet what the similitude is between these essential pieces of baked earth, and the above occupations, it puzzles the writer to imagine. If an acquaintance gets married, we are told "they are done for," "coupled, spliced, tied, knotted, bound, fettered, squelched."

A young man lives nowhere now, he "hangs out," or is "stowed away" somewhere. If he asks a few friends to supper, he gives a "loose," or a *skin*. All the "fast youths," men of dissipated character of his acquaintance, are, strange enough, pronounced *good company*, if with what is positively wicked they unite good-humour and a pleasing address.

Everything that displeases him is "infernal," from a glove button that won't fasten, to a fellow-being who won't do his pleasure.

Every assertion he makes is "upon his word, and upon his honour," till one can't help fearing that honour and his word will be finally obscured beneath the mass of nothings heaped unnecessarily upon it. Does an individual or their opinions displease, they are pronounced perfectly disgusting, or "quite sickening;" and if the victim of this offensive epithet looked rather annoyed at the brusqueness of the expression, they are made to feel "monstrous small," or look disgustingly spooney; and all opinions not exactly meeting his approval are indiscriminately pronounced great rot, or gas, or rubbish.

These, to say nothing of the "flying horde of fashionable little foreign slangisms hovering about our fashionable cookery and furniture," go to make up this wearisome cant and bastard dialect, seldom very elegant, rarely intelligible, of which the fashionable jargon of the vulgar great is composed (for the great have their vulgar too), and it is deplorable that people of elegance and refinement do not eschew the practice as coarse and vulgar. Fashion has been defined as "Gentility running away from vulgarity, and afraid of being overtaken by it." But gentility and vulgarity alike keep pace in this matter, and are both unitedly destroying the force and dignity of the English language. And all the while these counterfeits pass current in the world, and reputations are gained—and how undeserved—for wit and talent, by the sole art of dexterously distributing these words. A premium, in fact, is held out to the modern inventors of slang, by the avidity with which every new cant phrase is seized upon and promulgated. The leaders of ton have their favourite watch-word, and not more rapturously do they welcome some new and elegant Parisian novelty in dress, than they do the advent of some new cant word. Some time ago, the extremely and inelegant word "squelch" was the reigning favourite. If a man failed in business he was "squelched;" squelched if visited by sickness or distress; squelched if he died. "Crushed," too, was another favourite, possessing a meaning as unlimited as its circulation. Did a person receive a slight, they were crushed; crushed if married—crushed if refused—crushed if not greeted as usual in the street. Crushed, it seems, applies to everything unpleasant or unfortunate in life.

How is a well-bred foreigner, one who has learned our pure rich language from the best masters and works of the best grammarians, how is he, on arriving on our shores, to distinguish, amidst all this gibberish and subterfuge, what is admissible English, and what vulgar colloquialism. Yet all this were excusable, but that eventually these mongrel words become habitual, and a dialect is engendered soon wearisome. Worst of all, the abomination is contagious, and with a bold independence and brusqueness truly deplorable, these offensive epithets are picked up and repeated by the lips we love to look upon. What perversity of judgment, what depravity of taste does this all-pervading love of slang exhibit! It is like gathering up the veriest muds; the windfalls and the rubbish, in

preference to the fair flowers, and the ripe and wholesome fruits. Dr. JOHNSON says of himself, that he performed a long and painful voyage round the English language for eight long years; he toiled incessantly to make it what it is; he stamped upon it the power and dignity of his own lofty mind. It is replete with the clear intelligence and vigour of the mighty mind which modelled it; and who can read the compilations of his splendid genius without admiring the lofty grandeur of his style, the purity and correctness of his language? his ideas shine out in all the simple majesty of truth, and his words bear the intrinsic merit of the pure ore of the English language. Grieved, indeed, and mortified would the great linguist have been, could he have foreseen that the whole surface of that language he laboured so long and ardently to render clear and comprehensive, should be so overgrown, in this boasted age of literature and improvement, by a host of mongrel words and unintelligible and unsightly slang, so that a glossary of the English language for the use of Englishmen will soon be found necessary for the clearer elucidation of ten thousand and one slang words and cant expressions now in daily and hourly requisition.

It is strange, indeed, that in all the expensive course of education and accomplishments which the young people of this polite age receive, before they can make out their letters patent to the term finished, they must seem to have learned the first rules of the English grammar to speak and write the English language with propriety.

#### THE EARL OF DUNDONALD'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.\*

THAT England has passed through an age of corruption which might parallel in many of its phases the worst examples of Continental despotism, is clear from the exposure made by the late Earl of Dundonald of the enormities as affecting himself, committed during the Castlereagh, Croker, and Ellenborough dynasty. We may build on this fact a well-grounded hope that, notwithstanding the passing abuses of the Italian administrations, or the doubtful conditions of the Gallican dictatorship at present existing, or even the enormous tyrannies still prevailing in Austria and Russia, there yet remains a future for all these countries, in which the principles of liberty may shine as brightly as they now do in our native land. The second volume of the Earl of Dundonald's biography lies before us, and, together with his recent demise, is calculated to impress a character on public opinion not at all favourable to that of our Government less than fifty years ago. If in the course of less than half a century, we have made such advances out of a despotism so odious, that, were the same public crimes attempted in our days, they would be at once pronounced intolerable, and proved to be impossible; what may be not hoped henceforth by other countries that have already cast off the chains of false traditions and their allegiance to despotic absolutisms, and entered upon new paths that promise progression, and already present visible signs of commencing improvement? Painful as are the incidents of Lord Dundonald's life, and shameful as they are to the administration of our country, they take from this point of view a more cheerful aspect, and lead forward to prospects that are abundantly encouraging to those sentiments which animate the friends of the human race and the advocates of international reform. Though it may have been only too clear that Astrea had long ago left the earth, and still remained absent at a very recent date, yet there is reason to believe that her return is decreed, and will not be now much further delayed.

In our former article we sufficiently described the case of Lord Gambier in the Aix Roads, and the trial of his Lordship in consequence of his attempting a signal illustration of that noble rule of policy, "How not to do it." That same rule was further illustrated in the trial itself, when every attempt was made to prevent the truth from appearing. Since the publication of his first volume, his Lordship had received permission to inspect the documents at the Admiralty, formerly refused, so that, therefore, he was able to place the whole statement before the reader in the most accurate form. This we find done in the present volume. It is much to the credit of the Palmerston Government that they have so readily granted what was so sturdily refused by their predecessors.

The acquittal of Lord Gambier had been based on a chart made by Mr. Stokes, the master of his flag-ship; this chart, incorrect as it was, was subsequently tampered with. After a lapse of eight years from the court-martial, material alterations had been made by permission of the Board itself, and under the direction of one of its officers. Facts of this kind, of course, only made Lord Dundonald more anxious to inspect all available documents. But his case seemed hopeless, as the Admiralty persisted in the statement that those wanted were lost or mislaid, or returned to the parties interested. However, when Lord Dundonald had obtained permission to inspect the premises, he met with a new astonishment. "The reader," he records, "may judge of my surprise on discovering, in its proper place, bound up amongst the Naval Records, in the usual official manner, the very chart the possession of which had been denied by a former Board of Admiralty." To this let us add another quoted sentence or two. "It is, therefore, only after the lapse of fifty-one years, and in my own eighty-fifth year,—a postponement too late for my peace, but not for my justification,—that I am, from official documents, and proofs deduced from official documents, which were from the first and still are in the

possession of the Government, enabled to remove the stigma before alluded to, and to lay before the public such an explanation of the fabricated chart, together with an Admiralty copy of the chart itself, as from that evidence shall place the whole matter beyond the possibility of dispute. It will, in the present day, be difficult to credit the existence of such practices and evil influences of party spirit in past times, as could permit an administration, even for the purpose of preserving the *prestige* of a Government to claim as a glorious victory (!) a neglect of duty which, to use the mildest terms, was both a naval and a national dishonour."

The evidence is full and complete; and what is better, the public have it all before them. Here is the official French chart, which was rejected for one since declared to be notoriously inaccurate, and now confessedly cooked up for the occasion. This chart, shows an entrance of two miles, without shoal or hindrance of any kind, between Isle d'Aix and the Boyart Sand, instead of one mile, as falsely and purposely stated in Mr. Stokes's fabricated chart. The rise of tide marked on the chart was from ten to twelve feet; in reality, it was from eighteen to twenty feet. Yet the defence of the commander-in-chief was that there was not sufficient water at half-flood to float the ship!

"A singular circumstance," says Lord Dundonald, "connected with the rejected chart should rather have secured its reception, viz., that it was taken by my own hands out of the Ville de Varsovie, French line-of-battle ship, shortly before she was set fire to, and therefore its authenticity, as having been officially supplied by the French government for the use of that ship, was beyond doubt or question. I also produced two similar charts, on which were marked the places of the enemy's ships aground at daylight on the 12th of April, as observed from the Imperieuse, the only vessel then in proximity."

Lord Dundonald thought it was a singular circumstance, that notwithstanding the chart was flung under the table and rejected by the court, he found it bound up amongst the Admiralty records.

The rejected chart would have proved what was inconsistent with the acquittal of Lord Gambier. The ship's log would have proved the same, and the testimony of eminent officers went to the same effect. The point was, that there was plenty of channel room to keep clear of the batteries on the Isle d'Aix, together with abundant depth of water; and that the commander-in-chief, in ordering all the ships to come to an anchor, in place of sending a portion of the British ships to the attack of the enemy's vessels aground on the north-west part of the Palles Shoal, on the morning of the 12th of April, had displayed a "*mollesse*"—as it was happily termed by Admiral Gravire—unbecoming the commander-in-chief of a British force, superior in number, and having nothing to fear from about a dozen guns on the fortifications of Aix; which, had the ships been sent in along the edge of the Boyart, could have inflicted no material damage, either by shot or shell.

The fabricated chart was produced, the judge-advocate on the trial said, "to save a great deal of trouble." To which Lord Dundonald rejoins, "No doubt the trouble of confirming the commander-in-chief's neglect of duty in not following up a manifest advantage, as would have been shown had the court allowed the *Neptune Françoise* itself to have been put in evidence; for it would have shown a clear passage of two miles wide, extending beyond reach of shot, instead of the one mile passage in Mr. Stokes's accurate outlines of the French chart, and no shoal where he had marked only twelve feet of water! That the president should have allowed this to pass, after having himself detected the imposition practised on the court, is a point upon which I will not comment."

We must reserve for another number the further history of Lord Dundonald's persecutions; the interest now attached to his name and deeds will fully authorise such continuation. At the moment at which we are now writing, this deeply-wronged Englishman is receiving the honour of burial in Westminster Abbey.

#### RECENT NOVELS.\*

A NEW novel, by Mr. John Saunders, author of "Love's Martyrdom," is just published, and, in our opinion, likely to achieve considerable popularity. The poetical aspirations of this writer are well known, and much interest and curiosity has consequently been raised relative to this, his first essay at prose fictitious narrative. The work before us, which is couched in language not only effective and characteristic, but singularly chaste and poetical, is constructed upon the excellent principle of gradually developing the characters and incidents; the interest gaining almost unconsciously upon the reader, growing stronger and stronger with every succeeding chapter, till his attention is completely absorbed, and his mind prepared for the final *dénouement*. This mode of working out the plot in fictions of this kind may be considered too dramatic by some reviewers but is, in fact, the only method by which an author can hope successfully to arouse and retain the excitement and sympathies of his readers. This, Mr. Saunders has completely succeeded in doing; his story, which in many of its elements is thoroughly original, is built up and carried to a climax in the most masterly manner, and the very most is made of the materials of which it is composed. His characters are all carefully and skilfully

*The Shadow in the House.* By John Saunders, author of "Love's Martyrdom." London: Lockwood and Co.—*Valentine Duval: an Autobiography of the Last Century.* Edited by the author of "Mary Powell." London: Richard Bentley.—*Lost in Ceylon.* By William Dalton, author of "The White Elephant," "The War Tiger," &c. With Illustrations by Harrison Weir. London: Griffith and Farran.—*Kingston's Annual for Boys, 1861.* London: Bosworth and Harrison.

\**The Autobiography of a Seaman.* By Thomas, Tenth Earl of Dundonald, G.C.B. Vol. II. (Second Edition). London: Richard Bentley.

delineated, without any attempt at exaggeration, and suggest, moreover, considerable acquaintance on the part of the author with human nature in general. There are few inconsistencies throughout the work, except, perhaps, in the opening chapters, where the reader cannot suppress a feeling that "Cousin Grace," the evil genius of the piece, has not been quite openly dealt with by the hero of the drama. This might be advanced as some excuse (if any excuse under the circumstances could be admissible) for her subsequent conduct. Murder, however, cannot be justified, or even extenuated, by any amount of injury, real or imaginary, inflicted upon the perpetrator; the author therefore wisely does not attempt to invest his criminal with any undue share of morbid interest. The story is soon told. Miss Grace Addersley, after the death of her father, is invited, together with her mother, by her cousin, Mr. Dell, of Bletchworth-hall, to seek the protection of his roof. At the commencement of the story there has for some time existed between the cousins a tacit understanding that they should cement their good fellowship by contracting a matrimonial alliance. Mr. Dell, however, in one of his numerous peregrinations, meets with a young lady, Miss Winnifred Thorn, who causes him to change his resolution in favour of Grace, and whom he privately marries, unknown to the latter, and introduces, unexpectedly, without any previous preparation, as mistress of Bletchworth-hall. The discarded beauty, bitterly disappointed, and not feeling herself quite honourably dealt with by her weak and procrastinating cousin, attempts first to contaminate the mind of the young wife, failing in which she ultimately procures her destruction by means of a slow poison. The murderer, however, at the last moment, overtaken by remorse, acknowledges her guilt, but not in time to save the victim of her diabolical vengeance, who, after extending divine forgiveness to the destroyer of her life and happiness, expires calmly and heroically in the arms of her infuriated husband.

Perhaps one of the best drawn characters in the book is that of Jean, Miss Addersley's maid, and a sort of upper servant at Bletchworth-hall. This upright and conscientious woman denies herself all luxuries, and even common necessities, at the same time submitting to all kinds of misapprehensions on the part of her neighbours, by whom her name is stigmatized with the epithet of miser, in order that by her savings she may help to support the mother of a reprobate sweetheart, to whom she faithfully adheres, although in our opinion, and we think in the opinion of most readers, he turns out in the end to be utterly unworthy the poor girl's devotedness and esteem. In fact, this little episode of suffering and self-sacrificing nature is one of the most affecting and interesting portions of the story, and induces us to hold Mr. Saunders's powers of delineating the human passions and emotions in considerable estimation; and we think we may safely predict that if his succeeding efforts are only equal to this, his first production, he is destined ere long to assume a high and honourable position among the novelists of the day.

"Valentine Duval," by the author of "Mary Powell," though it can scarcely be called a novel, being written in the form of an autobiography, yet possesses a peculiar kind of interest, which entitles it to be treated of in this place. Valentine Duval, the hero of the book, is a man, who, sprung from the lowest grades of French society by mere dint of unfailing perseverance and indomitable energy of will, wins his way to a high position among the celebrities of his country. Left an orphan at ten years of age, he finds himself thrown entirely upon his own resources, having no means of livelihood or education, save those afforded by his own extraordinary exertions and ingenious devices. In an early part of the volume an affecting account is given of his being overtaken, when reduced to a particularly destitute and unprotected condition, by a violent attack of small-pox. In this pitiable plight he excites the compassion of a labouring farmer; but whose poverty is such that he can only offer to the striken wayfarer the shelter of a sheepfold. Here the good Samaritan, not exactly knowing what to do with his patient, rolls him in some old linen, which he luckily has at hand, and then resorts to a singular expedient for a bed, which the hero himself describes in the following quaint manner: "He then removed several layers from the sheepfold dung-heap, and covered the space thus left with a quantity of chaff, in the midst of which he left me. He then strewed a good deal more chaff over me, in lieu of a dense quilt, and finally deposited over it all the manure he had removed. Having thus truly deposited me in a hot-bed, he devoutly made the sign of the cross over me, and commended me to God and the Saints, assuring me as he departed, that if I ever arose from that place it would be an evident miracle wrought in my favour."

Being providentially rescued from this position, and recovering his health, he finds refuge with a hermit of Lorraine, Brother Palession, by whom he is engaged as a kind of domestic servant, and in whose cell he devises all manner of schemes for procuring himself the means of developing his mental faculties. Valentine, however, meets with a powerful patron in the person of the Baron Plutchnier, by whom he is introduced to Duke Leopold of Lorraine, and receives from the latter a liberal education at the Jesuitical College of Mont-a-Mausson. Subsequently he is appointed librarian to the duke, and created Professor of History at the Royal Academy at Luneville, and from this time, to the period of his death in 1775, the fortunes of Valentine Duval continue uninterruptedly in the ascendant. This work, the language of which is both powerful and exciting, possesses all the beauties which peculiarly belong to this lady's productions; and the moral of self-help and self-reliance which it is intended to convey, is brought out with a force and distinctness which cannot fail to excite the admiration of all classes of readers.

"Lost in Ceylon," by William Dalton, is a first-rate work of its kind. We are here made acquainted with a boy and girl's adventures in Ceylon; their miraculous doings, hairbreadth escapes, and incredible disasters. There is much in this book to charm the youthful and intelligent reader, to elevate his mind, and lead him on to the contemplation of subjects with which he was hitherto, perhaps, but little familiar. The language is spirited throughout, and without degenerating into mere common-place phraseology, which is too often the case with works of the kind, is yet sufficiently clear and intelligible to be easily apprehensible to the immature intellects of youth and childhood. "Lost in Ceylon" may be pronounced equal to any of the author's preceding efforts, and, doubtless, like them, it will achieve considerable popularity.

The second volume of "Kingston's Annual for Boys," will indeed prove a treasure to the juvenile community. It consists of a series of amusing and instructive compositions, among which are several stories, all ably written, and constructed in such a manner as cannot fail to give satisfaction to their readers. We must particularly recommend to the youthful supporters of this work, not to skip the preface, but to con the advice therein given, which, if followed, will contribute much to their future success, in whatever path of life either duty or inclination may induce them to adopt.

#### ORNAMENTAL LITERATURE.\*

WHAT we may call ornamental literature is an extensive branch of modern literary commercial enterprise. Christmas comes but, once a year it is true, but the birthday of somebody or other comes every day, all the year round. So that gift books, resplendent in gold, and brilliant with illuminations, are sure to be in constant requisition. The first of the works mentioned below is extremely handsome in binding and getting up. It consists of interleaved pages of vellum, richly illuminated. Each page contains an appropriate extract or more, in poetry or prose, judiciously selected from some standard and favourite author. It opens with Moore's favourite verses, of which the following is the initial stanza:—

"My birthday; what a different sound  
That word had in my youthful years.  
And how each time the day comes round,  
Less and less white its mark appears!"

It is in every respect well-suited for the boudoir and drawing-room table, is suitable, as the reader may have inferred from the lines we have quoted, to children of a larger growth than schoolboys home for the holidays. The next work mentioned below, is emphatically a book for little men and little women. It comprises five suitable stories. It is neatly bound, excellently illustrated, and printed in good legible type. It is all about Christmas-eve, and pic-nics, and playing at Robinson Crusoe, and other topics that possess special interest for little folks. Similar remarks apply to the last of the three mentioned, except that it is a larger book. The tales and anecdotes introduced are interesting and instructive, and of all the three, we may say that we heartily recommend them to our readers.

#### WHAT IS LONDON? †

LONDON is the world's metropolis for one thing—that we all know. What it is in many other respects the work mentioned below will assist those consulting it in finding out. Byron, in his primitive times, speaks of "this enormous city's spreading spawn," when vast districts now mapped out into streets and squares, constituting large "neighbourhoods" and "localities" in themselves, each with a new church, or even several new churches, and its various "interests," its organized system of public vehicles for passenger and goods traffic, its literary institution, its savings bank, its schools, its charities, and its beggars, and being part and parcel of London, were miles out of town, and existed in the shape of green fields full of cows and buttercups. And even long since the period alluded to, such places as Oakley-square, and Eversholt-street Camden-town, or the tract of ground stretching from Stockwell to the Thames, were open country, market gardens, pastures, and farms. Look at them now. But these are only some of the inmost-lying districts. London has actually spread its spawn miles beyond the radius of which these are points; while virtually, since the web of railways was constructed, it may be said to be when it likes as far off as Gravesend, not to say Brighton and Ramsgate. But between these extremes there is a great belt of districts, semi-rural and demi-urban, where the town and country seem to shake hands.

This belt consists of that vast tract which is comprised between the boundary line where the "London Directory" ceases to cast its light, and leaves us to grope our way in outer darkness, often with considerable wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the radius to which the London postal district extends. Of this large tract we have but hitherto been in ignorance the most profound, and of a description which is not of that blissful sort that makes it folly to be wise. Of the extent of our ignorance hitherto, some notion may be formed from the fact that the "useful knowledge" now afforded by the "Suburban Directory," fills about 700 pages of the same size and print as the "London Directory." It is really painful to find that the more knowledge we get only serves to show us what a dreadful state of nescience and non-information we have been in.

This vast mass of particulars about the name and residence of a most respectable and estimable portion of our fellow-countrymen and countrywomen is divided about equally into the northern and southern

\* *The Birthday Souvenir*; Illuminated by Stanesby. London: Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1861.—*Long Evenings*; or, *Stories for my Little Friends*. By Emily Maryat (daughter of the late Captain Maryat). Illustrated by Absolon. London: Griffith and Farran, 1861.—*Holidays among the Mountains*; or, *Scenes and Stories of Wales*. By Betham Edwards, with Illustrations by Skill. London: Griffith and Farran.

† *The Post Office London Suburban Directory*, with Map engraved expressly for the work. London: Kelly and Co., 18 to 21, Old Bowes-court, W.C. 1860.

districts. The arrangement and classification are modelled after the lucid form of the parent Directory, and the map is extremely useful for reference. The work is a considerable contribution to our "itinerarian literature."

#### THE ILLUMINATIONS!\*

**W**E have recently had the illuminations intended to celebrate the Prince of Wales' birthday, and the light which was thrown on the dark machinations of Guy Fawkes, but the illuminations we allude to in the present article are of a much less trivial and a much more ingenious character, as may be seen by a glance at the little work to which our article refers. It opens with a succinct historical account of the art of illumination, which is very interesting, as the sources where the fullest information on the subject can be indicated. As a specimen of modern illuminated works, we may refer to one described in another column under the head of "Ornamental Literature." The other portions of the work are devoted to "materials," "outline" (which embraces the heads of "initials" and "borders"), "colouring" (which is an extensive and elaborate part, containing some useful tables), and "gilding." Then follows an appendix on "landscape," "figure," "styles," "copying," and "design." Altogether this is an useful manual, and teaches an elegant accomplishment, well adapted for dissipating the tedium of *ennui*, and affording harmless and ingenious recreation. The ancients had made considerable progress in the art of illumination, a single work produced prior to the commencement of the Christian era contained no less than 700 effigies. But we must refer to the work itself, simply stating that it contains some very interesting information.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

##### SPECIAL.

HANOVER, Nov. 13, 1860.

**T**HE danger attending the presence of Hungarians and Italians in the federal fortresses is rendered evident by the fact that several Italian soldiers have attempted to escape from the fortress of Mayence, across the frontier. This fully justifies the outcry which was raised by the press against the selfish policy of the Austrian Government in removing the German-Austrian troops from the fortresses of Mayence, Ulm, and Rastatt, and supplying their places by discontented Hungarians and Italians. This endeavour to desert now proves how well-founded are the fears of the press and people, that in case of war these troops are not to be relied upon, either within or without the walls.

The garrison of Mayence consists, in time of peace, half of Austrian troops, and half of Prussians, together 8,000 men. The war garrison of 20,891 men is composed one-third of Austrians, one-third of Prussians, and one-third of troops belonging to the contingents of the smaller German States. The peace garrison of Ulm is composed of Bavarian and Wurtemberg troops, to which Austria adds two companies of artillery; the war garrison of Ulm, from 10,000 to 20,000 men, is composed one-third of Austrian and two-thirds of Bavarian and Wurtemberg troops. The peace and the war garrison of Rastatt is composed of Austrian, Prussian, and Baden troops. Of the war garrisons in the federal fortresses, Austria has to supply, upon the whole, 17,167 men; Prussia, 14,447 (including the garrison of Luxemburg); Bavaria, 11,189, the garrison of Landau included; Wurtemberg, 5,828; Baden, 7,024; Luxemburg, 1,565; the so-called reserved division—that is, the smaller states—16,045.

By these figures it is seen how large a share Austria has in the watch and ward of the frontiers of Germany against France. No one can be surprised that the people view these changes of troops with misgivings and fear; but it is singular that the Prussians are, of all, the most indifferent in the matter. Even in peace the spirit of the garrison may be affected unfavourably by the mixture of foreign elements. If, however, in war a part of the garrison should be composed of troops who are nationally or politically inimical to the German cause, or who may be inclined to regard the enemy as their natural friend and ally, such a garrison, it is tolerably certain, would not tend in any degree to strengthen the defence, but would, on the contrary, enfeeble and shake the confidence of the rest of the garrison, who would feel that they had enemies within as well as without.

This change of troops is regarded as a sure sign that Austria has made up her mind for another collision in Italy. This military measure is, under the circumstances, so comprehensible and natural, that the consent of the Federal Diet has been viewed quite as a matter of course, and therefore no question has been made of it. The people are, however, by no means satisfied with this tacit acquiescence of the Diet in so important a matter, at a moment when Germany is in danger of being entangled in a general European war. Will the Confederation, and more especially will the confederates, who have to supply contingents to the garrison of the federal fortresses, tolerate this exchange of troops? The question is such a vital one for the security of the German frontier, that one might suppose it had been foreseen and provided against by the Diet. But, manifold has been the labours of the Military Commission at Frankfort upon the military constitution of the Confederation, no decision has yet been arrived at as to whether those Governments possessing territories not belonging to the Germanic Confederation have the right to form their federal contingents of German or foreign troops according to their convenience and pleasure. The federal military constitution merely

declares against the amalgamation of the contingents of the smaller states with those of the two great German Powers, the object of which is to preserve the independence of the smaller states. Austria has indeed custom on her side, for not only formerly, in time of peace, has Austria placed Italian and Hungarian troops in German fortresses, but also during the last war, and, as far as is known, no official objections were made against it.

This question, at the first view, may appear to be exclusively a German home question; but it is also of vast importance to that nation which is supposed to be the natural ally of Germany against France, to know of what elements the garrisons of the fortresses which guard the frontiers are composed. With such troops in her chief strongholds, Germany offers the fairest field to France to obtain military triumphs, and to nullify, as in the time of old Napoleon, the defeats she met with in every other quarter of the world. When the German papers assert, as they have been asserting lately, recriminating upon the attacks of the *Times*, that the alliance of Germany is absolutely necessary to England, we need but point to the fortresses of Mayence, Ulm and Rastatt, and call their attention to the nationalities represented by their garrisons and the chances of surrender.

The Austrian Government does not appear to have much confidence in the maintenance of peace, or rather the peaceful professions of the Emperor of the French. The Court knows, doubtless, more than the newspapers can tell us, and proceeds therefore, with as much haste and energy as the state of the finances will allow, to provide the army with all the newest improvements in cannons and rifles. GARIBALDI stands spectre-like in the foreground, and behind him the man of the Tuilleries. The *Borsen Halle* contains the following letter from Vienna, under date Nov. 4:—"We have it from a trustworthy source that a Government messenger has just arrived here with such important dispatches from Paris, that COUNT RECHBERG was induced to start immediately for Ischl for the purpose of communicating personally the contents to the EMPEROR." There is also a great agitation observable in the Foreign Office, which can only be attributed to the arrival of the said dispatches from Paris. Unless we deceive ourselves, the alarming report of PRINCE METTERNICH resolves itself into a conviction on the part of the Prince, that the intervention of France in the eventual war between Austria and Italy is a settled affair, whether Austria continues on the defensive or proceeds to the attack. What Austrian diplomacy could fathom in Paris has been fathomed. France is not only preparing herself for the war against Prussia and Germany, but is also placing herself in a position to meet the eventuality of a warlike conflict with England, although this last is at the present moment in Paris considered to be the least probable. The continuous warlike preparations prove that France is resolved to take a part in the coming war between Austria and Italy. Add to this, the portentous information which has reached the Court at Vienna through a confidential channel, that whole parks of the heaviest siege artillery are being sent from the French arsenals to Piedmont. In consequence of these evil tidings it is becoming the question among the advisers of the EMPEROR whether it would not be wisest, under such circumstances, at once to adopt the initiative, and venture a decisive blow. The question will assuredly be discussed, but whether the discussion will lead to a positive result in favour of an eventual offensive policy is somewhat doubtful.

A letter from Trieste, dated the 5th inst., says:—"Early this morning the territorial battalion of fusiliers was commanded into the court-yard of the grand barracks to take the oath of allegiance. At nine o'clock 1,200 were drawn up in the court-yard, where, in the presence of Brigadier REUCHLIN, the ceremony was to take place. The form of oath having been read, the other forms were about to be proceeded with when a low murmur was heard from the ranks. The men refused to take the oath, it being contrary to ancient traditional and historical custom. As the men evinced a disposition to resist, and, moreover, had fixed their sword-bayonets, the brigadier ordered the colours to be taken back to the court-house, and sent the militia home. This was effected amidst the shouts and cheers of a great crowd of people. The company which escorted the colours to the court-house, on returning to the court-yard, demanded that the "National Hymn" should be played by their own band. Several officers have already sent in their resignation. Instances of similar acts of insubordination are constantly alluded to in private letters from different parts of the Austrian Empire, and tend to prove the small prospects of success that Austria has in a war even against Sardinia, much less against France. The turbulent occurrences in Pesth have subsided. The Comitate appear to be accomodating themselves gradually to the new order of things. If Austria has really given up her centralising policy and her old system of repression, there is a prospect of restoring the ancient peaceful relations between the German Austrians and the Hungarians, or perhaps it would be more correct to say between the EMPEROR and the higher and middle classes of Hungary.

#### MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

*Blackwood's Shilling Scribbling Diary for 1861.* London: James Blackwood, Paternoster-row.

This diary contains a postal district map, an almanack, and the usual information. It is of convenient and suitable dimensions for laying on the table and not getting mislaid, and at each opening there are the seven days of the week at a glance, with blotting paper interleaved. It is not liable to the objection urged against memorandum books by a person of short memory to whom the use of one was recommended.

\* A Manual of Illumination on Paper and Vellum. By J. W. Bradley, B.A., and an Appendix by F. G. Goodwin, B.A., with twelve lithographic illustrations. London: Winsor and Newton, 38, Rathbone-place, 1861.

"I should forget that I had one." For it is of large size in superficial areas, and not easily lost sight of, while its useful information is just in the right place to catch the eye. Talking of diaries, a prosperous man once said, that the secret of his success was his always having one and making careful entries in it. How suggestive is even such a thing as a shilling scribbling diary. This, for instance, besides recalling these anecdotes, reminds us that we are now advanced into the new decade in good earnest. *Tempus fugit, &c.*

*The Illustrated Paper Model Maker.* By E. Landells, author of "The Boy's Own Toy-maker," "The Girl's Own Toy-maker," "Home Pastime," &c. London: Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Church-yard.

This ingenious little work consists of twelve engravings of the subjects, with descriptive letter-press containing practical instructions, and diagrams showing how these amusing toys for children may be constructed. The subjects in question comprise a country church and a pump, the entrance to St. James's Palace and a rabbit-hutch, a railway-station, a Swiss cottage, a bridge and dove-cot, a windmill, a summer-house, &c.

*Temperance Tales.* No. 1. "Gilbert Warminster, a Ghost Story." London: W. Tweedie, Strand.

If there are actually no palpable ghosts (if we may be allowed that expression in allusion to unrealities), in this tale there is a good deal about *evil spirits*. The ravages of intemperance (to whom King Death, in Gay's *Fable*, awards the palm of destructiveness in preference to every other cause of mortality) are strongly enlarged upon.

*Evidence of the Honourable Ashley Eden, taken before the Indigo Commission Sitting at Calcutta.* London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate, 1860.

This evidence, reprinted from the "minutes of evidence" taken before the Indigo Commission, will be read with interest by those concerned with the subject to which it refers.

#### SERIAL.

**THE NEW MAGAZINE.—"TEMPLE BAR."**—As the time approaches for the appearance of Mr. George Augustus Sala's new periodical, which is attracting so much attention everywhere, "and in other places besides," as Dr. Dulcamara has it, we have taken care to obtain from the very best sources the very best information on the subject, and *voici* what we have ascertained. It was at first rumoured that the popular expectation, founded on some of the more rapid passages in Mr. Sala's earlier works, was that *Temple Bar* would be the exemplar of "fast" writing. This, we learn will not be the case, a graver system and a more solid design being intended. Among the contents of Number One will be an article on the "Epic Poem of the Finns," by John Oxenford. This is the poem on which Longfellow's "Hiawatha" is said to have been founded. There will also be an account of "Travels in Syria and the Holy Land," by the Rev. J. M. Bellew, the reigning clerical lion of Belgravia, and most fashionable of persons. Articles on "The French Press," "Criminal Lunatics," by Dr. Hood, physician of Bedlam; "Circumstantial Evidence in Criminal Cases," which might find illustration in the last great murder case at Stepney, for which Mullins is under sentence, convicted solely on circumstantial evidence; an essay on "Robert Herrick, poet and divine;" a story by Miss Marguerite Power, niece and companion of the late Countess of Blessington; with a variety of other articles too numerous to mention. The Editor, Mr. Sala, will give the first of a series of papers called "Travels in the County of Middlesex"—a title which suggests metropolitan experiences; and an essay on the "Language of the Beasts"—Mr. Sala being a universal linguist. Mr. Edmund Yates, who will do for Mr. Sala what Mr. Wills does for Mr. Dickens, and Mr. James Hannay was supposed to do for Mr. Thackeray, contributes a paper on "Soldiers and Volunteers," a subject on which, as a prominent member of the Civil Service Corps, he may be considered competent to dilate. The arrangements for the opening of *Temple Bar* are, therefore, sufficiently diversified. In form *Temple Bar* will be, we are told, about the same as the *Cornhill*, but sixteen pages larger, at the same price. We have not heard if there are to be any illustrations; but the age cries out for picture books, and generally gets what it cries for. The venerable "Bar," once a human butcher's shop, and now a banker's strong box, will, of course, be bravely designed on the cover; and, as all our new publications since *Household Words* must bear a motto, Mr. Sala, being "of the streets, streety," takes his from little Bozzy's unmatched biography—"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "let us take a walk down Fleet Street." We heartily wish Mr. Sala and his Magazine all possible success, "and a great deal more to the back of that."

#### STREET RAILWAYS.

**TWENTY-SIX** years ago the first application was made to Parliament for powers to construct the Great-Western Railway. The heads of colleges and inhabitants of Oxford got up a virulent opposition, and prevented the line from passing within ten miles of their sacred walls. They asserted in their petitions, and at numerous public meetings, that the railway was the speculation of attorneys, engineers, and capitalists. The facilities of the railway could not be compared with those of the river. The Oxonians then preferred the canal-boat to the first-class carriage. They said the people would be smothered in the tunnels, and those that escaped suffocation would be roasted alive. Slopes were magnified into precipices, engines were to be upset every journey, necks were to be broken; there would be so much facility for the collegians to run up to London, there would be no study, no decorum, no religion left in the town, &c.; so the Great-Western route was diverted from Oxford. But what was the result? A few years, or rather months, found the good people of Oxford petitioning, begging and praying Parliament and the Board of Directors of the railway to make a branch line from Didcot to Oxford, and it was granted them—within three years from the time when they so ridiculously opposed the railway coming near them, and which opposition cost them and the railway over 50,000.

A parallel case to the above, now become a matter of history, is the absurd hubbub raised by the Marylebone vestry against Mr. G. F. Train's proposition to introduce street railways into the metropolis.

Alexander Easton, C.E., of Philadelphia, in his "Practical Treatise on Street or Horse-power Railways," says:—

"Popular prejudice is the great enemy with which the advocates of innovation have had to combat, and strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless practically true, that the more useful the measure advocated, the greater has been the amount of opposition brought to bear against it, even by parties who have subsequently been benefited by the very measures they sought to defeat.

"A glance at the early history of turnpike roads will clearly show the difficulties encountered by their projectors; but which, when overcome, became the favored improvement of the age, and legislative halls sounded with angry debate for their protection, so soon as railways were proposed, denouncing them as a nuisance, and their corporators as visionary speculators. So it was with the introduction of canals, steamboats, and even gas, the arguments against which, brought forward by the opposition, have in each instance, exhibited the grossest ignorance of science, and of the practical effect of the proposed improvements, all of which is applicable at the present day and has been experienced by those who proposed the introduction of street railways.

"The interest which operated against turnpike roads was that of the muleteer; the interest which operated against railroads was that of stage coach and wagon proprietors; and in the case of street railways, the opposition is from omnibus companies and antiquated stage communities, whose palpable interest it is to defeat a measure which invades their imagined rights, by the substitution of a means of communication so manifestly useful and necessary, as to completely destroy the system to which they are so faithfully wedded. They use the means employed in their interests to influence and lead on opposition, until having obtained certain provisos in the charters for their *especial* benefit, the time has arrived to fraternize with the enemy—when they at once become strong advocates for street railways; and, unfortunately, without the influence to quench the flames of prejudice which they have ignited."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Train, a wealthy and intelligent citizen of the United States, after having tested his system most thoroughly in the cities of Boston and New York, United States, comes over to us, his English cousins, and offers to give us the advantage of his experience, and receiving a hearty welcome at Birkenhead, has there laid down and established a street railway, which carried in seven weeks after it was opened, over 81,000 passengers, an average of 11,500 per week.

The offer was made to the Marylebone vestry to lay down rails on the road from St. John's-wood to Regent's-circus; afterwards the offer was reduced to Oxford-street only, viz., from the Marble-arch to the Tottenham-court-road. No! No! No! was the cry of Marylebone. Shopkeepers protested; vestrymen sputtered; tradesmen would be ruined, trade injured, and vestrymen's influence gone for ever, if Mr. Train was allowed to touch one stone of the highways of Marylebone. The ancient inhabitants of Oxford preferred journeying to London in the canal boats at two miles an hour, to the Great-Western express at sixty miles per hour. Now twenty-six years ago this peculiar fancy did not cause so much astonishment to the world at large, as the refusal in this enlightened age of the people of Marylebone to listen to a position so necessary to the community at large. Mr. Train offers to lay down a line of rails, and also remove them again if not approved of, at his own expense, and build and place on the rails, also at his own expense, some very handsome carriages, calculated to carry some sixty or seventy people, and drawn by a pair of horses. These carriages are separate conveyances, not in trains of several carriages, as is erroneously by many supposed; and, as worked in America and at Birkenhead, are light, airy, and commodious; every seat divided from its neighbour, a necessary improvement to all London conveyances, to prevent the selfish practice now so common, in omnibus travellers occupying two seats, and paying for one. The old system of slow, dirty, small, badly horsed, and worse-manned omnibuses, seems congenial to the feelings of Mr. Train's opponents in Marylebone; indeed, we strongly suspect that those fat and selfish old fellows who take the space of two moderate-sized people, and sit forward, placing their hands on stick or umbrella, square out their elbows, and refuse to make way by their side for the unfortunate who happens to be the last comer of the twelve, inside, are these very gentlemen or the people of Baker-street and Portman-square. The omnibuses of London have not advanced with the age, they are the most old-fashioned of anything that meets our eye in this vast metropolis. They are, with very rare exceptions, precisely the same uncomfortable, narrow, ill-ventilated machines as we remember twenty years ago, not by many inches long enough inside for six persons of a side, and yet year after year no extension of size. New machines are built of precisely the same dimensions. When we had a few comfortable *Saloons* in our streets, the London General Omnibus Company, by a persevering opposition, ran them off the roads, and yet no improvement in *their* machines.

This being the case, what right has the London General to oppose their influence in Marylebone to the introduction of street railways. "They beg the vestry not to grant so great a monopoly to Mr. Train." We should like to know how they can imagine it possible for Mr. Train to exercise a greater monopoly than they do themselves. A fortnight since a resolution was passed by the Marylebone Vestry, to adjourn the further consideration of the subject for THREE MONTHS, for the express purpose of awaiting the result of Mr. Train's experiment in Victoria-street, Westminster. "This was certainly the understanding come to between the Vestry and Mr. Train" our surprise is, therefore, very great to learn that on Saturday last Mr. Mitchell, one of the Marylebone Vestry, carried a motion "to the effect that the Paving Committee be instructed to ascertain how far it would be desirable to lay down a flat stone tramway in Oxford-street." We quite agree with Messrs. Freeth and Hodges, who characterised this proceeding as a great injustice and breach of faith towards Mr. Train, and it is certainly very extraordinary that a Board, composed of so many business-like and highly respectable gentlemen, should have refused to carry so very proper an amendment as that proposed by Mr. Hodges, "That in common justice to Mr. Train, the discussion on the subject of Street-tramways, be adjourned to that day ten weeks." We hope this flagrant and un-English breach of faith will not meet the approval of the consti-

tents of the Marylebone Council, and that they will require this last vote to be rescinded.

In juxtaposition to Marylebone, we have Lambeth, the authorities of that parish have acted in a thorough business like manner; they received the proposition as gentlemen should meet gentlemen, and sent a deputation to Birkenhead, and the report being favourable to the scheme, Mr. Train is likely to be successful in carrying out his tramways from the foot of Westminster-bridge to Kennington-gate, a very advantageous piece of road for a trial. We also perceive that the Vestries of Shoreditch and Hackney are also favourable to Mr. Train's proposal, and no doubt, before long, other localities will follow suit. We heartily wish the movement success, and so certain are we that these street railways are the things wanted, that must and will be, that we recommend the Marylebone Vestry and the inhabitants of Baker-street and Portman-square, to put their houses in order, for so sure as the old stage-coaches were swept before the advancing express trains, so sure will the present lumbering stage-wagons, now called omnibuses, have to succumb to the elegant, comfortable, and commodious street-railway cars. In our next we shall go fully into the construction and working of street-railways.

## RECORD OF THE WEEK.

### HOME AND COLONIAL.

Last week closed with consols at 93½, having recovered themselves in consequence of the comparative satisfactory state of present foreign relations, as indicated in the Mansion-house speeches. Bullion had still been leaving the Bank, the amount in the cellars being £13,897,085, or £230,788 less than the previous week. A similar outflow had taken place in France. On Tuesday last, £300,000 having been withdrawn from the Bank, the rate of discount was raised from 4½ to 5 per cent. There has been another rise in the rate of discount, which the Bank fixed at 6 per cent., on Thursday morning.

The bank of France raised its discounts from 3½ to 4½ per cent. as this present week commenced.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Plymouth on Thursday morning, and started for Windsor soon after coming on shore.

Mr. Train's proposal to lay down a line of street railways between Kennington-gate and Westminster-bridge, has been favourably reported upon by the Lambeth vestry.

The death of Mr. Alderman Wix took place on the anniversary of his retirement from the mayoralty of London.

This week we have to record one of the most atrocious anomalies that stand out from the civilization of England in the 19th century, like cannibalism does in the customs of some localities at the present day compared with the usages of surrounding peoples. On Monday last the revolting spectacle of military flogging was seen at Woolwich. It would be incredible did we not see the system in practice, and as it is, it is altogether inconceivable that the authorities should not yet have learned that barbarous and brutalising torture such as this tends to increase the very evils it is intended to arrest by utterly demoralizing the wretched victims who are subjected to it, and destroying in them every atom of self-respect.

Last Sunday the Kildare Club-house, at Dublin, was destroyed by fire; and we regret to state three lives were sacrificed.

The inquest on the deaths caused by the explosion on board the Tonning steamer, has been adjourned for three weeks.

We have next to nothing in home news to record this week; and even this announcement is—"no news."

The following letter, addressed to the members of the Royal Agricultural Society, appeared in the *Times* this week, which deserves perusal:—

To the Members of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—

I beg you will allow me the honour of conveying to you, through the medium of the press, my grateful acknowledgments of the handsome manner in which you have responded to my circular of the 15th ult., which I took the liberty of addressing to you.

It is very gratifying to me, indeed, to find that the trial which has already been made by members of your noble institution corroborates the fact that my Condiment has the effect of economising and making straw on the farm more than double its value if chopped up into chaff and seasoned with Thorley's Condiment. This compound is just what is wanted, especially during the present wet season, for working off a vast amount of bad hay, making it palatable, and inducing the animal to eat it with avidity: and by mixing with straw-chaff the Condiment, animals are enabled to extract more nourishment from it than they otherwise could. Agriculturists, and other owners of stock, are now, by the successful use of this Condiment, beginning to experience that the value of food depends upon its perfect digestion. Chemically, its constituent elements may be of the highest value, but if imperfectly digested, what is the value of food to the animal which eats it? It has been proved beyond a doubt, that hay and straw properly seasoned with my Condiment is more nourishing than unseasoned food, although the latter may contain a much larger amount of alimentary matter.

Professor Anderson, recently referring to the transactions of the Highland Society, illustrates, incidentally, the value of my simple theory, now reduced to practice, which I have, with untiring perseverance, introduced into the management and feeding of cattle. He writes as follows:—"The effect a food produces upon the animal is often due to flavour, or to the presence of infinitesimal traces of substances which evade detection. The nutritive matters are the same in all foods, but it depends upon their flavour whether they are readily eaten, or whether they are so repulsive that the animal avoids them until the calls of hunger become irresistible. In the latter case, of course, they fail to produce that effect which was to be anticipated from the amount of nutritive matters contained in them."

I may remark that the Editorial opposition to the use of Condiment in the seasoning of food for animals with which I have had to contend, written by literary gentlemen in want of a subject, has done an injury not so much to myself as to the farmer; but now I find that I have the support of the best scientific authorities in this country and America, it encourages me to persevere in the great work I have undertaken; and I

am now proud to be in a position to announce, in spite of all opposition, that, in consequence of the increased consumption—contracts for 100 tons per month, to supply our colonies and many of our first-class agriculturists, such as Peter Annandale, Esq., of the Shorty Grove, Gateshead, and others, who now order it by tons—I am enabled to reduce the wholesale price to £30 per ton—say, 20 barrels—delivered free by my own wagons to any railway station in London.\*

I venture to invite the particular attention of every member who keeps horses, cows, sheep, or pigs, to the following observations, applicable to each of those animals respectively:—

**THE HORSE.**—No unprejudiced mind, who understands anything at all about the physiology of this noble animal, can read my testimonials without coming to the conclusion that Condiment to the horse is invaluable in his trained state. The small quantity of food that supports the horse of the Arab in Arabia and the East, is the surprise of travellers. Now, not only does his food contain a larger amount of condiment, but the very water he drinks is seasoned with it. Does not this, then, account for what travellers tell us about the "*Arab and his horse!*" And does not the absence of such condimental element account for the enormous quantities of food consumed by horses in this country, and the little work vast numbers of them can do for it? It is estimated that in the metropolitan district alone, there are upwards of 478,600 heads of cattle, cows, horses, &c., the various owners of which, by using my Condiment, would effect a saving of 4s. per week per head, which would show an aggregate saving of ninety-five thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds—£95,720 a week, or four million nine hundred and seventy-seven thousand four hundred and forty pounds—£4,977,440 per annum!

**THE COW.**—By the use of my Condiment, Sir John Pringle's cow gave three times the quantity of milk, the quality being richer; so that upwards of three times the quantity of the albuminous matter of her food was manufactured into the casein of the milk, matter which previously went to the dunghill. Another cow, by the use of the same Condiment, works up into the milk more than four times the quantity of protein compound. A proportionally larger amount of all the other elements of food, including the Condiment itself, is also worked up into milk respectively in both cases, and in a thousand cases besides.

**THE SHEEP.**—Mr. Baylis, Mr. Hemming, and many others, who have given my Condiment to sheep, record a favourable experience of its use. All declare their sheep to be healthier and freer from disease, where the condiment is properly given. Writers on the natural history of the sheep unanimously mention that *this animal prefers Alpine and condimental food*; and if the cause of disease in Scotland (for an essay on which the Highland Society now offers a prize) is a deficiency of Condiment in the food of sheep—which is more than probable—the prohibition of the exhibition of Thorley's Condiment at Edinburgh last year places Mr. Hall Maxwell, I am afraid, in no very enviable position.

**THE PIG.**—Numerous experiments are now being made with my Condiment on pigs—one or two of which are expressly to test the value of the Rothamstead experiment, under the direction of persons, some in favour of Condiment, and others against its use; and up to the present time, the pigs on seasoned food are gaining 29lbs. for every 12lbs. gained by pigs fed on unseasoned food—facts which speak for themselves. And I have no hesitation in predicting that Bingley Hall show at Birmingham, and Smithfield Show during the ensuing month, will tell a tale in my favour.

Again tendering you my most respectful thanks for your kind notice of my recent circular, I am,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

JOSEPH THORLEY,

The Inventor and Sole Proprietor of  
Thorley's Food for Cattle.

Offices and Steam Mills,  
Caledonian Road, King's Cross London.  
Retail Depot,  
77, Newgate-street, City.  
Nov. 14th, 1860.

### FOREIGN.

From the antipodes we learn, by the last mail, that in New Zealand the war has not spread beyond the original district to which it was confined. Some forts had been taken; and it was still languidly progressing. In Australia, the land question had been set at rest in Victoria, the terms on which land might be obtained having been settled in an act of the legislature.

At the junction of the past and the present weeks, we learned from Italy that on the entry of the King into Naples, Garibaldi sat at his side in the carriage. On the 8th, at 11 a.m., Garibaldi, accompanied by the Ministry, formally presented to the King the result of the plebiscite. The King received them in the throne room. The Minister, Signor Conforti, addressed the King thus:—"Sire,—The Neapolitan people assembled in their electoral *comitie* have proclaimed you King by an immense majority. Nine millions of Italians are uniting themselves to the other provinces, which your Majesty governs with so much wisdom, verifying your solemn promise that Italy should belong to the Italians." The King replied in a few expressive words. The deed of annexation was then drawn up, the dictatorship ceased, and the ministry resigned. Signor Montezemolo was about to proceed to Sicily as Governor-General. Signor La Farini had been appointed Director of the Interior Department in Sicily, and Father Lanza to the Directorship of Public Instruction. It was asserted that negotiations had been commenced between General Fanti and the Commander of Gaeta, for the evacuation of the fortress. "Self-government," or "localization," if we may employ the antithesis of "centralization," is said to be the order of the day in Sicily, Naples, and Tuscany, or to use the diplomatic term, the "autonomy" of these places has been provided for. In the first of these, Sicily, Signor Montezemolo is to be governor-general, and he will have the assistance of a ministry whose titles will be those of directors of the various public departments. The appointments to office of the late Dictator and his pro-dictator, as might be supposed, do not appear to have been concurred in by their successors to

\* The carriage per railway on ton parcels from station to station according to Act of Parliament, is 1d. per ton per mile.

power. The "loaves and fishes" of office seem to be the bone of contention. Any unseemly scramble on this account would present a strange contrast with Garibaldi's self-sacrificing and abnegative conduct, he having done the whole work of the revolution, and retired from the scene of his labours and his triumphs without fee or reward; while the lay figure, which without him would have been nothing, whom he has inspired with his spirit, and for whom he has rendered easy what would otherwise have been impossible, acquires all the glory and receives all the emolument, just as he inherited his crown, without having personally done—at least without having done unprompted—anything to deserve it. The earliest news this week stated that 30,000 Neapolitan troops had entered the Pope's territories, where measures were being taken for supplying them with the means of subsistence, of which they were destitute. Such a loss by the dethroned king could not leave him a dozen thousand men for the defence of Gaeta. The result of the voting in Umbria had been even greater in favour of annexation than what we have already recorded from other parts. Italian news at mid-week seemed to show that the secession, for so it must apparently be termed, of Garibaldi and Pallavicini, who have made themselves conspicuously absent from the side of Victor Emmanuel, was to be looked upon as a significant practical intimation of non-concurrence in the present position of things. If every one had his right, and if it is right there should be kings, then Garibaldi himself would have the best right to be king of that Italian Kingdom which he has been the main cause of erecting; but this is not a logical world; if it were, indeed, Garibaldi might find a formidable logical rival for the merit of having brought about, by the efficacy of a liberal propaganda, the present condition of things in Italy, in the much-abused republican Mazzini. Garibaldi, at his Caprera retreat, will make a useful and vigilant supervisor of the new potentate's proceedings. The "Ides of March" next, are, according to the significant utterances of Garibaldi's farewell address, to be an important epoch in the destinies of Italy. He wants a million of Italians trained to arms and ready for service by that time; we hope the Italians will treasure up his words and be prepared for every emergency; it would be glorious to see perfect freedom and self-government established throughout the length and breadth of the land. Up to this time (mid-week) we heard of the dethroned King of Naples that he was still at Gaeta, where there were 13,000 men, of whom General Bosco had taken the command.

As the week opened, the American news was to the effect that Mr. Lincoln's election was "safe." An attempt had been made to excite a fear that his election would be followed by the separation from the Union of some of the Southern States, but it appeared to exercise little or no influence. The result of the election may be expected in the course of a day or two.

The most discordant statements were made at the close of the last and towards the commencement of the present week in reference to China. At mid-week it appeared to be perfectly clear that Pekin had not been taken, and that the war had not been brought by the allies to a successful close. At this time the Government had published Lord Elgin's despatch, stating the position of matters and setting forth the reasons for breaking off the negotiations, which were, in brief, that the Chinese commissioners had declined to stipulate for the payment of the indemnity of 8,000,000 taels without the previous sanction of the Emperor, and required a delay of three days. Whereupon Lord Elgin, considering this an attempt at evasion, instructed Sir Hope Grant to bring military pressure to bear.

From the Far East we learn that the King of Siam and the Emperor of Assam had gone to war, by which squabble the European powers who may happen to be represented in the neighbourhood by their agents, will, no doubt, be on the *qui-vive* to profit. The French are already at war themselves with his Majesty of Assam; and the other royal personage is in a fair way to embroil himself with the Majesty of Prussia, to whose envoy he has refused admittance to his sublime presence till next March.

#### ENTERTAINMENTS.

**THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.**—The course of performances will commence on Thursday the 29th instant, with *Daddy Hardacre*, and *B.B.*, the services of the Olympic Company having been secured. Mr. George Ellis of the Lyceum is the manager, and Mr. Donne the director.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.**—Mr. Loder's *Night Dancers* was produced here on Saturday last. It was first performed, as our musical readers may recollect, at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Maddox, some fourteen years ago, with Madame Albertazzi, Mr. Allen (tenor), and Mr. Leffler (baritone), in the principal parts. In the present representation, by a singular coincidence, Miss Albertazzi and Miss Leffler sustain two of the characters. The story is alike adapted for musical and dramatic effects as for scenic display. In what is called the "induction" of the opera, but which term would be more intelligible if the syllable "tro" were "introduced," as the second one, the word as it stands savouring more of the Baconian philosophy than the stage—the heroine, Giselle (Madame Palmieri), as represented as on the eve of marriage, and being appropriately serenaded for the occasion, her poor little head is in such a whirl with preparations and anticipations, and variety of other feminine "botherations" that she has some difficulty in composing herself to sleep. Sleep she does, however, at last, and dream into the bargain, and it is in her dream that what, in classical slang, is called the "action," and in the language of stage technicality, the "business," of the piece is carried on. Her lover, Albert (Mr. Haigh), comes to waken her on the "bridal morn," with a very pretty tenor song; she meets him, and relates how she dreamt that, while standing at the altar with him, the "night dancers," or Wilis—namely, the disembodied souls of young ladies who, having died on their bridal eve, for some reason or other can't rest in their graves, but come out, and "won't go home till morning," having an irresistible *penchant* for nocturnal salutation, like the Buffalo girls, "by the light of the moon"—broke in upon the ceremony and made her dance with them till "daylight did appear." Her narrative is scarcely finished, when his grace the Duke of Silesia (Mr. Grattan Kelly), makes his appearance, and claims Albert (whose

high birth a certain inquisitive "parochial beadle," one Fridoline (Mr. Corri), has already discovered, as the betrothed husband of his daughter Bertha (Miss Leffler). But Bertha, finding that Giselle and Albert love each other, and wisely calculating that by letting them have each other there will be only one unhappy instead of three (for a woman married to a man she loves, but who don't care a dump for her, is necessarily as wretched as if she hadn't got him at all), very laudably, and in perfect conformity with the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" principle, abandons her claim, and joins the lovers' hands. The shock that poor Giselle has received, however, in finding her "forester love" a real live prince, added to the shocking ceremony of chanting the funeral dirge, which a number of ill-advised people insist upon doing, having mistaken what was at first but a swoon, for death,—succeeds in killing her outright. The tomb of Giselle is discovered in one of those splendid moonlight scenes in which this theatre is unrivalled; Bertha and Albert come to mourn over her, and afterwards the "Wilis" are seen flitting about in multitudes, and celebrating their midnight revels. The tomb opens, its occupant comes forth in her bridal dress to join them. The inquisitive beadle is danced by the Wilis into the lake and drowned; Albert again comes to the spot, meets his spirit bride, dances with her; she reclines upon the shelving bank to rest; the Wilis pounce upon Albert and dance him into the lake, and then, the dawn appearing, vanish into thin air; a change comes o'er the spirit of the dream; a cloud envelopes the scene; and, when it clears off, the shelving-bank has turned into the identical couch on which Giselle had "sunk to repose" the night before, and she is woken in her own chamber by the morning sunlight, and the advent of her friends to wish her joy of her bridal day; Bertha, the Beadle, the Duke of Silesia, and the transformation of Albert into Prince Albert, being but the illusions of a dream. In addition to the artistes already named, Mary, the friend, and Godfrey, the father of Giselle, were personated by Miss Thirlwall and Mr. T. Distin respectively. Miss Albertazzi, Miss Huddart, and Miss Leng were three of the most loquacious, or rather melodious, of the Wilis. The music of the opera is excellent, abounding in melodies and harmonies of truly artistic construction. The overture was encored entire, and most of the "gems" re-demanded, but repetition was declined, except Mr. Haigh's song, "Wake, my love; all life is stirring," supposed to be sung in Giselle's dream, as described above, and "He loves me, loves me not," in which Giselle seeks to divine her lover's constancy by pulling the leaves from a flower, repeating the words alternately, after the manner of Marguerite in *Faust*. For quality of tone Mr. Haigh has few rivals as a tenor singer. The queen of the Wilis found a graceful representative in Madame Pierron. For more detailed criticism we have not space, and we have given the outline of the plot, mainly for the purpose of indicating the style of music, which throughout is appropriate and characteristic. Taking the *ensemble*, the opera was excellently rendered and put upon the stage, and was a triumphant success. Mr. Loder, Mr. Harison, and Mr. Mellon appeared before the foot-lights after the fall of the curtain, in obedience to an unanimous and vehement call. It was followed by a new *ballet d'action*, called the *Ambuscade*. A *dansuse* on her way to fulfil an engagement, is travelling along a country road infested with those picturesque but troublesome vagabonds, banditti, and has her carriage stopped by a gang of them. Her terpsichorean blandishments, however, stand her in good stead, winning the heart of the captain, who, after she has danced for his delectation, sets her at liberty and restores the plunder that has been taken from her. Madame Pierron, by whom the leading part was sustained, danced to perfection; and Mr. F. Payne, as a frightened postilion, in an ague of terror, trembles in a way that makes one fear he will come to pieces, and runs from the robbers as if his postilion's boots were veritable seven league boots. The ballet in its way was as successful as the opera.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—*Lucia di Lammermoor* was announced for Monday, but Sig. Giuglini being, as it was subsequently announced, indisposed, *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Mr. Swift as Gennaro, was substituted. His performance, coming after, and in close contrast with, that of Gennaro, which, in vocal excellence at least, is second to none on the lyric stage—we mean Sig. Giuglini's—and undertaken at short notice, may be pronounced as in the highest degree creditable. On Wednesday we were promised *Dos Giovanni*, for "positively" the last time, but were disappointed, as Giuglini's "indisposition" continued; we hope when it is performed that we shall be equally disappointed in its being "positively" the last time. We sincerely hope and trust the management will break its promise, for such a promise is infinitely more honoured in the breach than the observance. If we could have our way there should be a dozen more last performances of this incomparable opera; and, as the Emperor did with *Cimarosa's* masterpiece, we would ensure the entire performance, overture and all.

**DRURY LANE.**—The Adelphi has gone to Drury Lane this week; its far-famed company having appeared in Mr. Watts Phillips' "Story of '45." Sir Andrew Silverton (Mr. Webster), and Sir William Ashford (Mr. Spencer), begin life as Jacobites, and the former comes to grief, and goes into exile; the latter having a larger organ of acuteness, contrives to stay at home and marry his friend's *fiancee*, proving, did it want proof, that "men are thieves in love." The exile also marries, and both he and Sir William Ashford become widowers, the latter being left with a daughter, named Isabel (Miss H. Simms), and the former with a son, named Cyril (Mr. M'Lein), who fall in love with one another, and contract a secret marriage. Sir Andrew having received a free pardon returns to England, and recommends one Enock Flicker (Mr. Toole), to Sir William as a useful agent, but in reality intends him for a spy to effect the ruin of his enemy, with whom he pretends a reconciliation. Flicker steals papers that prove the treason of his new master. Sir Andrew repairs at night, in disguise, to Sir William's house, and is taken for a robber by Isabel, who assuming the position and attitude of a statue on the top of a vacant pedestal in the garden, apprizes Cyril of the circumstance, he being on the spot on a furtive visit to his wife; and to escape, Sir Andrew discovers himself to his son. The latter then reveals his clandestine marriage, upon which his father determines to save instead of ruining Sir William. Here an underplot cuts in. A certain Jessie M'Leod has three strings to her bow,

Captain Kilruddock, Flicker, and one McLan. The last of whom in a state of temporary derangement commonly called jealousy, pitches the first into the water, but he gets out and marries his *inamorata* after all. McLan, however, is more successful with fire, in disposing of Flicker than he was with water in the captain's case, for he shoots Knock dead (after having first shot Sir Andrew Silverton by mistake), not, however, till he has betrayed his master, Sir William; but the officers come to arrest him just in time to be too late, for the dying man destroys the fatal document and then gives up the ghost in the arms of Cyril and his wife. The acting of Mr. Webster and Mr. Toole was admirable, and they have in this piece created personations that will not soon be effaced from the memory. Indeed, throughout, the acting was excellent, and Mr. Beverley's scenic effects deserve special commendation. Mr. Paul Bedford as Guffog, the recruiting-sergeant, is as droll as ever. Hogarth's "March to Finchley," and "England," are placed on the stage in the form of a "living picture."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Tom Taylor's "Babes in the Wood" are Mr. Rushton and his wife (Mr. Farren and Miss Amy Sedgwick), who knowing nothing of political economy, and as little of common prudence, have contracted a very improvident match—the former being the son of General Rushton (Mr. Rogers), and the latter, being the Lady Blanche, daughter of the Earl of Lazenby (Mr. Chippendale), and both educated in the grand and patrician art of doing nothing, while they possess nothing in the shape of pecuniary resources. My lady has that affliction which "the Buckleys" (*vide them at St. James's Hall*) tell us our first parent was free from, a mother-in-law, who benignly causes her to be turned out of doors, on the pretence of marrying below her station. The general is a miserly old curmudgeon, and by leaving the couple penniless thinks to throw the burden upon the Earl, but the result is, that after a variety of difficulties, Mr. Frank finds himself snugly in the Queen's Bench prison, where, for his sins, his father-in-law, the general, also gets imurred, through unsuccessful speculations. A family reconciliation takes place, and everybody is happy. Other characters in the play are Mr. Slidell (Mr. Compton), a club man, who knows everybody, and can do everything but fulfil the conditions of a rational existence; Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Beetle, legitimate plunderers called lodging-house keepers (Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Wilkins); and the comic and humorous elements are infused into the performance with convulsing effect by these artistes. Like most of Mr. Taylor's pieces, the present comedy abounds with a variety of incident. Since its production it has been judiciously retrenched, and now makes a good acting play. Indeed, the company we have announced are qualified to act any piece in a manner to make it successful: and in commanding them, we by no means would be understood to speak slightly of the new play, which may be considered as altogether a success. We have such a press of matter this week, and the theatrical department is so full, that we are precluded from going into more detailed criticism.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A very successful piece, entitled *Home for the Holidays*, has been played here this week, in which the leading attraction is Miss Louise Keeley, who personates a daughter engaged in the laudable work of reclaiming her papa from a very naughty course of life. The characterization is invested with all those specialties which distinguish this very clever actress. On the 29th, will commence the course of performances to be given by the Olympic company at Windsor Castle.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—The new drama of *Adrienne, or the Secret of a Life*, announced in our last, has been produced in due course this week. Adrienne de Beaupre (Madame Celeste) is a lovely and fascinating young orphan lady, who is in love with an artist, one Victor Savignie (Mr. Neville)—whether a descendant of the ancient complete letter-writer of that name with an e final, or not, we do not know. M. Eugene de Grassac (Mr. George Vining), an elderly miscreant, insists upon marrying Adrienne, that her money may save him from condign punishment, and to enforce compliance with his infamous design, holds over her *la terrorem* a threatened disclosure, which would, in the opinion of the world, dishonour her and her family. His infamous conduct, including public insults to Adrienne, causes a duel between him and Victor, in which the old ruffian is providentially wounded. But poor Adrienne, not having the moral courage to set the villain's threatened disclosure at defiance, gives herself out as his affianced wife. His triumph is short, however, for a creole servant of Adrienne's humanely poisons him out of hand, and rids society of one of its worst pests. Adrienne, being suspected of the murder, has to take refuge "up at the hills" of the country the scene being laid in Italy, in the latter part of the last century. In the meantime, Victor has become a military officer, and is charged with the arrest of the "lady of his thoughts," as he would have expressed it in his native idiom. This, as will readily be seen, is a really fine dramatic situation, though an extremely unpleasant one to fill in reality—reminding one of that of Chiméne in the Cid—where duty and affection are, though in a different way, brought into equally sharp antagonism. "When things are at the worst, they sometimes mend," says a great poet. And this is exemplified in the present case by a certain bandit, taken prisoner by Victor, and who exposes the trumped-up story of family dishonour fabricated by De Grassac, while the faithful Creole confesses himself the poisoner of that infamous old gentleman, and escapes the scaffold by jumping down a hundred yards of precipice, not apparently agreeing with the classical authority who tells us that "death to avoid 'tis madness sure to die." So virtue and innocence come forth triumphant at last, poetical vengeance overtakes rascality, and all being well that ends well, we suppose that even the acts of De Grassac must be considered as what Othello, we think, calls "excellent well." But whatever the acts of De Grassac may be, there is no question about the acting of his representative, Mr. Vining, who evinced not only his usual graphic power, but a very considerable degree of the highest tragic power as well. Madame Celeste, in a part especially suited to her, exhibits a force of delineation, and a delicacy of conception, altogether unsurpassed. Mr. Neville also deserves the highest praise for his just appreciation and careful development of every point in the character he has to sustain. There is a comic undercurrent in the

piece, Mrs. Keeley and Mr. Rouse respectively enacting Giannetta, the bandit's daughter, and Hector Falloux, a member of what, to borrow a term from the volunteer movement, we might call an "artist's corps." Those who have not seen Mrs. Keeley in this new assumption have got in store for them that much desiderated thing, a new pleasure; but we would advise them to take sedative precautions, and mind what they are about, or it will be the death of them; convulsions (of laughter), not to say killing outright, is the least they have to expect. Altogether, Mr. Leslie's drama must be considered a triumphant success, both as regards composition itself, the acting of the Lyceum company, or the way in which it is placed on the stage, and all the scenic effects, in which latter element the artistic talents of Mr. Calcott are turned to admirable account, and appear to the greatest advantage. Next Thursday a new farce will be produced entitled the "Lion Slayer."

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—A performance as attractive as it is novel, at a private trial of which we were present on Thursday, is on the *tapas* at this house, and will, we understand, be shortly produced. It combines the operatic, histrionic, and choreographic elements, consisting of an agreeable *mélange* of singing, dancing, dialogue, and acting, wrought up into an elegant *ensemble*, and impressed with a character of unity by means of a slight plot. The leading personage is a new danseuse, Mdlle. Albina de Rhona, a Servian lady, who is as clever with her tongue, in more senses than one, as with her feet; as, in addition to her spirited and appropriate elocution, she is, we believe, an excellent linguist, and speaks several languages. Her dancing, however, is the main attraction. Some of her *poses* and *pas* are in the highest degree striking, novel, and picturesque, and her whole style equally elegant, spirited, graceful, and chaste. She exhibits great power, elasticity, and ease in her motions, and the specimens of Spanish and Polish dances which we witnessed were exquisitely given. The entertainment has, we understand, had a great success on the Continent. Judging even from the inadequate impression of this necessarily imperfect trial performance, there is no danseuse that we know of that we would prefer going to see.

SURREY THEATRE.—Mr. Ware's adaptation of Mr. Wilkie Collins' *Woman in White*, has been produced with immense success at this house. The audiences assembled to witness the impersonation of Count Fosco, Walter Harttright, and the "Woman in White" herself, and Lady Glyde, by Messrs. Creswick and Fernandez, and Miss Page (who sustains both the latter characters), being crowded and applauded in the extreme.

THE MEZZIAH AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.—In the musical performances for the present week must be mentioned "The Mezziahs," at St. James's Hall, fixed for Friday, the 16th instant, under the direction and conductorship of Dr. Henry Wylde, with Madame Sherrington-Lemmens and Madame Dolby-Sainton, a choir of 300 voices, and a full band; Mr. Willy being its leader and Mr. George Lake presiding at the organ; the famous trumpet solo being as usual allotted to Mr. T. Harper.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The Monday Popular Concerts, which have grown into a "necessity" of our musical nature, have been resumed at St. James's Hall, the third season being inaugurated this week with an admirable programme of novelties, selected from the works of Dussek, Weber, and Spohr. The instrumentalists were:—violins, Herrn Becker and Rees; viola, Herr Schreurs; violincello, Sig. Piatto; piano, Mr. Charles Hallé; conductor and accompanist, Mr. Benedict. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss Augusta Thompson were the vocalists of the evening. The last movement of a piano and violin duet was repeated, the audience refusing to be satisfied with the mere bowing of acknowledgments; several of the other pieces were re-demanded, but encores were declined. The entire arrangements were admirably carried out, including those which have reference to the accommodation of the public, by the efficient director, Mr. Arthur Chappel, and the books of the performance constitute a library of musical knowledge and anecdote, unprecedented for the combined elements of cheapness of price and copiousness of information. Next Monday will be a "Mozart night."

Mr. and Madame Frederic Penna, appeared on Tuesday evening last, at the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms, St. John's Wood, in their admirably arranged entertainment, under the title of "Old Friends and New Acquaintances." The gentleman (a pupil of Sir George Smart) possesses a fine baritone voice, and sings with feeling; and Madame Penna (formerly Miss Smith) who assisted at the pianoforte, is an accomplished musician. The remarks on the composers, Purcell, Handel, Dr. Arne, Charles Dibdin, Sir Henry Bishop, and others were suggestive and amusing; they were, moreover delivered in the best possible taste, with a spice here and there of humour, forming a pleasing introduction to the illustrations, which were also rendered by Mr. Penna, and given with great effect. "Oh no we never mention her," was sung by him in so charming a manner as to elicit a well-deserved encore; and other compositions were given with considerable dramatic power which told well with the audience. The biographical sketches of famous composers, and the well-chosen anecdotes interspersed, are calculated to interest and amuse a general audience. The lecturer came forward MS. in hand, but was sufficiently at home with his subject and the audience to render reference to it unnecessary. The entertainment, which is of an agreeable length, is likely to become exceedingly popular, instruction and amusement being so happily blended.

THE "VOLUNTEERS" CONCERT.—On Wednesday, a grand concert was given at St. James's Hall, in aid of the band fund of the 20th Middlesex Rifles. Among the artistes whose valuable services were secured may be named Miss Ward (the accomplished pianiste, and pupil of Mr. Benedict), Herr Lidel, Miss Augusta Thompson, Madame Vining, Mr. F. Chatterton, Miss Lascelles; the English Glee and Madrigal Union, comprising Mrs. and Mr. Lockey, and Messrs. Foster, L. Thomas, and Montem Smith; Mr. Morgan (who was encored in "Home of my heart," for which he substituted "Annie, dear, good bye"), Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Cusins, Mr. Sidney Pratten, Miss Jane Palmer, and Mrs. Harriette Lee, Mr. Frank Mori, and Mr. Francesco Berger. A special feature of interest in the concert was the presence of 200

members of Mr. G. W. Martin's National Choral Society, drawn (to specify their topographical *venue*) from the N., N.W., and W.C. postal districts of the metropolis, among whom were some of the most efficient co-operators in Mr. Martin's grand performances of prize glee and choral part-songs at Exeter-hall and the Crystal Palace. The programme contained Mr. Martin's national part-song, "The Volunteers' Choral March," singularly appropriate for the use of his "Volunteer Choral Society," for the singing of part-songs while on the march. These national choral unions, which owe their conception and origin to Mr. Martin, bid fair to become, under his efficient directorship and eminently successful methods of organisation, the most important associations of the kind that have ever been established. The other national part-songs of Mr. Martin's composition given by the choir were—"The Army and Navy," "Our Saxon Fathers," "Defence, not Defiance;" "The Rifle," and in addition, "The National Anthem," as harmonised by Mr. Martin. The hall was literally crammed (though not to suffocation, as the ventilatory appliances are excellent); a great portion of the audience consisted of Volunteers in full uniform, and the applause elicited by these spirit-stirring pieces not to speak it profanely, bore the strongest resemblance to thunder which the human voice could perhaps be made to assume. Mr. Martin and Mr. Olivier, the manager of the concert, appeared in uniform as Volunteers.

### THE CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

WE see that the company which has been formed for the carrying out of this enterprise, is prosecuting it in a vigorous and successful manner. They have completed arrangements with Sir Greville Smyth, a landowner possessed of extensive and valuable estates on the Somersetshire side of the river, and who, in consequence of the advantages accruing to his property from the erection of the bridge, has agreed to take £2,500 worth of shares, and to make a gratuitous contribution of the like sum to the funds of the company. Thus after allowing for the purchase of the chains of the Hungerford-bridge, and the expense of piers, no less a proportion of the £35,000 capital than six-sevenths, or £30,000 may be considered as virtually realised. The bridge, when finished, will be 30 feet in width, and 600 feet in length, and its completion may be looked forward to at no very distant period. The progress of the matter through Parliament has, we understand, been smoothed, and the way paved for the sanction of the Legislature; indeed, no feasible opposition to so excellent a project, and one so calculated to promote public convenience, and to the already abundant attractions of Clifton, could well be anticipated. The facilities and accommodation it will afford to the neighbourhood, are manifest. Its indirect as well as its direct advantages as a medium of "thoroughfare and communication" between the counties of Somerset and Gloucester, can hardly be too highly estimated. The unrivalled beauty of the neighbouring scenery—we allude to Leigh-woods and Nightengale Valley in particular—is well known; and to this favoured spot the bridge will afford a direct cut. Thus a variety of "interests" will be benefited by the bridge in more ways than one. We observe many good names in the provisional committee. The offices of the company are 53, Parliament-street, London; and Captain C. Claxton, R.N., is the secretary.

### THE BRITISH SYRIAN RELIEF FUND.

A NOBLER and more affecting spectacle it is impossible for the imagination to conceive than a people uniting for the relief of human misery, and banded together for the production of human good; soothing the sufferings and the sorrows of those whose anguish for the cruel bereavement of relations the most dear to them is enhanced by the utter ruin of their fortunes and their hopes. The expression which Burke applied to India, "It was nation stretching out its hand for food," is applicable to the sufferers from the Syrian disturbances and massacres. Some idea of the wide-spread misery produced by these harrowing events, may be formed from the following statement of facts:

The following statement indicates the extent and variety of the sufferings for the relief of which the committee address this appeal to British humanity. One hundred and fifty towns and villages have been pillaged and burnt with the churches, patriarchates, monasteries, schools, the crops, silk factories, &c.; also the whole of the Christian houses in Damascus destroyed (a city itself), including the European consulates. Sixteen thousand Christians have been killed, including the men, women, and children, murdered in cold blood. Among those who were thus assassinated, were Mr. Graham and other missionaries. Seventy thousand to eighty thousand persons, including twenty thousand widows and orphans, left homeless and starving. Upwards of 20,000 refugees are daily receiving relief at Beyrouth alone.

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It is for the relief of the unhappy surviving sufferers that a British Syrian relief fund has been established under the presidency of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The chairman of the executive committee is Sir Moses Montefiore; and among the committee we find the names of some of the most eminent public men, and civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the age. The secretaries are Sir C. E. Hardley, Bart., and Sir James Ferguson, Bart.; and J. P. Kennard, Esq., 4, Lombard-street, is the treasurer. We are glad to inform our readers that donations of provisions, clothing, medicine, tents, &c., will be sent out free of expense, if addressed to the "British Syrian Relief Committee" at the Victoria Dock Warehouse, Steel-yard, Upper Thames-street, E.C. Persons sending goods are requested to inform by letter the secretary, Mr. Cyrus Edmonds, 12, York-buildings, Adelphi. The following bankers receive subscriptions to the fund:—Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co.; Glyn and Co.; Robarts, Curtis, and Co.; Smyth, Payne, and Co.; Williams, Deacon, and Co.; Robarts, Lubbock, and Co.; Dimsdale, Drewett, and Co.; Heywood, Kennard, and Co.; Ransom, Bouvier, and Co.; Child and Co.; Praed and Co.; Drummond and Co.; Coutts and Co.; Cocks and Co.; Call, Marten, and Co.; Jones Loyd and Co.; and the following banking companies:—the London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury, and all its branches; Union Bank; London Joint-Stock Bank; London and County Bank; the National Bank of Ireland, and all its branches; the Ottoman Bank; and the National Bank of Scotland, and all its branches.

There never was a case (not excepting that which arose out of the Indian mutiny) which appealed so strongly to the benevolence of the British public. In the presence of a corrupted Mohammedanism, and of a blood-feud, which has existed for ages, exacting life for life, without discrimination; in the absence of enlightened education and free institutions, the British people have now an opportunity of influencing the mind of a nation by an example far more impressive than preaching or teaching of the transcendently benign tendency of Christianity, which will thus be seen to compel its disciples, as by an irresistible moral law, "to attend to the neglected, and to remember the forgotten." Great events are evidently looming in the future of Syria; it will be to the honour of every civilized nation to have borne a part in preparing this long misgoverned country for the benefit of a better regime.

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